The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1893.

The Week.

THE order sent out by Secretary Carlisle to the several sub-treasuries to issue no more gold certificates for the present is in strict compliance with the law of 1882, which says that the issue of such certificates shall be suspended whenever the amount of gold coin and gold bullion belonging to the Treasury shall fall below $100,000,000. The only significance of this order is that it makes public advertisement of the fact that the amount of gold owned by the Treasury is down to that limit. The object of the act of 1882, as declared at the time when it was passed, was to prevent persons from drawing gold from the Treasury by presenting greenbacks for redemption, and then redepositing the same gold and taking certificates therefor, thus using the Government vaults as a free safe deposit. At the time when the law was passed, there was neither statute nor custom which required the Secretary to redeem any paper issues in gold, except greenbacks and the gold certificates themselves. It was thought that some people might consider themselves in a better position if they held gold certificates than if they held greenbacks, and since the latter could be converted into the former by a simple act of volition, it would be best not to offer unlimited facilities for such conversion. Consequently a limit was put to the issue in the manner indicated. Anybody who wishes to draw gold and cart it away can do so by presenting either greenbacks or Treasury notes—probably, also, by presenting silver certificates, since the act of 1890 provides for keeping the "metals," not the different kinds of paper, at par with each other.

The question of immediate concern is, What effect will the Secretary's order have on the public mind? Will it cause private persons to draw gold out of the Treasury and hoard it? This question cannot be answered except by experience. It is pretty certain that the banks will not draw any. They will not even draw the gold that they lent to the Treasury while Mr. Foster was Secretary. There may be individuals who will consider the Secretary's order as an announcement that the silver crisis is imminent, and that a gold premium is in sight, and who will accordingly anticipate such an event by taking gold now. Yet such a movement is not likely to be large or disturbing unless the outflow of gold to Europe should be protracted. If this should assume the dimensions of 1891, it would almost certainly be accompanied by a local run, which could be checked only by an issue of bonds. One thing is certain: the outflow cannot be stopped as long as we have debts to pay abroad. Even a suspension by the Treasury would not stop it, except, perhaps, by creating a panic in the produce markets and putting the prices of exportable commodities so low that foreigners would take goods instead of money for what we owe them.

The Bering Sea arbitrators are now fairly at work in Paris, as the despatches show, after a preliminary "spat" over the British supplemental report on the condition of the seal fisheries, which the arbitrators refuse to receive *en bloc*, but permit counsel to refer to orally in their arguments. The reason of this decision appears to be simply a desire for peace, inasmuch as the offer of the report developed a good deal of acerbity, and even drew forth charges of sharp practice against the British; so the arbitrators have split the difference. Counsel may cite it, but must not submit it bodily. The next point in dispute arises out of the British desire to take up the case in detail, beginning with the question of right and ending with the question of regulation. The Americans appear to have opposed any division of the question and to have contended for the examination of the controversy as a whole—on the theory, probably, that if the judgment went against them on the question of legal right by itself, it would be more of a moral defeat than if it were blended with the decision touching the regulation of the fisheries, in which the British are bound to acquiesce; that is, they are bound to concede, and in fact have conceded, that the American demand for regulation is reasonable. It will be easily seen that this concession is, *pro tanto*, an admission that there is something peculiar about seals as wild animals which takes them out of the ordinary fish category.

The probabilities are, as seen from this distance, that the judgment of the arbitrators will depend largely on the weight which they will attach to the argument which Mr. Carter has injected into the case, and which is original with him. This argument assumes the existence of "a general standard of justice upon which civilized nations are agreed." This standard of justice is evolved from the law of nature, or rather from the nature of man as a social being, and constitutes a fountain of unwritten law for the government of international relations. When a case arises which is not provided for by precedent or by established international usage, the rule for its decision can therefore be drawn from this source. All existing international law has, in fact, been drawn from this source. Consequently, when a novel question of right arises, the means of answering it must be sought here. Therefore, although the seals may have been in former times wild animals, nevertheless, having been converted into "property *per industriam*"—that is, by the discovery that their skins furnished a useful and profitable raw material of manufacture—the principles of natural justice at once come into force for their protection at the hands of the nation whose shores they frequent, and which alone can capture them without diminution of their powers of increase. Mr. Phelps came near this in his article in *Harper's Monthly*, but he insisted on the existence already of something in the nature of an ocean game law which all were bound to respect. Mr. Carter has thrown this aside and taken the bolder and probably stronger position—for it cannot be attacked historically—that the Commission is called to deal with a state of facts admittedly novel, by the application of the old principles from which all existing rules of international law were in like manner originally drawn. But there is, of course, a chasm to be bridged over between this and the right of one nation to apply the new rule without notice to the rest of the world; general consensus being the usual channel by which international right emerges into law. That Mr. Carter will do whatever mortal man can do for this purpose, we may be well assured.

The text of two sections of the Extradition Treaty with Russia is published at Washington, for the purpose, it is said, of eliciting expressions of public opinion. The second article of the treaty, which defines the crimes to which extradition shall be applied, contains this definition of the crime of forgery:

> "The crime of forgery, by which is understood the utterance of forged papers, and also the counterfeiting of public, sovereign, or governmental acts."

The baneful significance of this clause is that the granting of a passport is a governmental act, and that the making of a false passport thus becomes an extraditable offence. Every political offender who escapes uses a false passport, or has one in readiness to be used. A passport is a part of every traveller's equipment. Without it he cannot go into or out of the country, or from one part of the country to another. To provide that persons who have made or used false passports shall be delivered up as for the crime of forgery, is equivalent to saying that any person who has left the country without permission shall be delivered up on demand of the Czar. That this was the intention of the negotiators of the treaty on our side, or of the Senate, is scarcely credible, yet it is a fact which cannot be overlooked that, in all our later treaties of extradition, the

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crime of forging governmental acts is restricted to the obtaining of money unlawfully.

The statistics of immigration into this country for the first quarter of 1893 show a falling off of more than one-quarter from the record for the same period of 1882, the totals being 98,004 last year and 70,038 this. The falling-off is most marked from those nations which furnish the least desirable contributions, Russia sending only 3,663, against 15,509; Hungary 3,097, against 10,410, and Poland but 939, against 6,246. Sweden and Norway, England and Wales show scarcely any change, but Ireland has increased her contingent from 3,805 to 6,929. Germany is nearly a quarter behind her record a year ago, while Italy shows a slight increase. The outcry against immigration, which was so strong a year ago, has pretty much died away of late, having made but slight impression upon the legislation of the last Congress. It became very evident that there was not much sympathy with the demand for severe measures of repression in the great States of the West, and their influence in Congress is now so great that it turns the scales on any such question. The excitement which prevailed among some people in the East has also much diminished. Nobody anywhere makes any serious objections to English, Welsh, Scotch, French, Germans, Danes, Norwegians, or Swedes, and the total Irish immigration in any recent year has been comparatively small. The chief basis for complaint has been the swarms of Italians, Hungarians, Russians, and Poles, that swept across the Atlantic for a while, and this wave has now almost subsided.

Col. Morrison has earned a right to speak on the tariff question with the authority of one who has borne the heat and burden of the day in the cause of tariff reform. No one knows better than he from actual experience the immense difficulties in the way of any revision in our revenue laws, and his remarks at New Orleans on Tuesday week, reminding the Democratic party that it has a tough job on hand, are very much in point at the present time. The overwhelming nature of the popular verdict against protection is itself a temptation to the party in favor of which it was given to think that the battle is already won, when, in fact, it is only begun. Like the first successful charge of an army, it needs to be followed up by the most rigid discipline and watchfulness, or else the breaking of the ranks for purposes of plundering and the mixing up of camp-followers with the regular troops will invite a return charge of the enemy, and it will be Sheridan and Early at Winchester over again. There can be no doubt of the earnest purpose of the Administration to execute the declared wishes of the people, but it ought not to delude itself or the party into thinking that the difficulties in the way will diminish with the passing of time. On the contrary, they will pile up with every day's delay, and on all sides, and nothing but the most strenuous and single-eyed effort can prevent the lobby, and interested manufacturers, and half-hearted Democrats, and the play of one set of interests against another, and the intrigues and piques of disappointed office-seekers, from interposing an insurmountable barrier between the popular will and the laws necessary to execute it. Col. Morrison has done well to speak out and remind his party of all this.

The Saxton Pool Bill now needs only Gov. Flower's signature to become a law, and must be accounted a great gain for public morality. It makes the selling of pools and bookmaking in all forms, outside of race-tracks, a felony punishable by imprisonment in the State prison for a period of from one to five years. This will shut up at once all those back-stair "commission rooms," as well as the less concealed death-traps, which have infested this and other cities of the State, and which have been to the infatuated young men and boys who frequent them so many standing invitations to theft and embezzlement. It is not a valid objection to the law that it will tend to increase the profits of the race-track managers. It is enough to know that the bill was heartily supported by those who know most about the evils which it will undoubtedly suppress, and is regarded by them and by the police authorities as a measure which is certain to lead to a great diminution of crime.

It so rarely happens that a Legislature receives praise from its constituents nowadays that any such case merits general attention. The Nebraska lawmakers have just adjourned, after a session of thirteen weeks, and their doings are highly commended by many of the leading newspapers of the State. The body was composed of Republicans, Independents (or Populists), and Democrats, in such proportions that no party had a majority, and the Omaha *Bee* pronounces it "in many respects the most remarkable body of lawmakers that ever convened in this State." The first four weeks were consumed in a triangular contest over the United States Senatorship, during which, the *Bee* says, "the Legislature exhibited an extraordinary tenacity of purpose and a creditable amount of integrity," and which resulted in the election of a poor man without spending a dollar. A searching investigation was made into the management of State institutions, which brought to light a mass of corruption and led to the impeachment of the offending officials. Taxation was reduced to the extent of fully half a million dollars by the cutting down and pruning out of extravagant appropriations. A railroad law was passed which is much more moderate than such measures are apt to be in States where the Populists are strong, and no very bad legislation is complained of. "Taken as a whole," says the *Bee*, "the work of the Legislature cannot fail to meet popular approval, and its magnitude will be appreciated more as the years go by."

Gov. Russell of Massachusetts has had more or less trouble during each of his three terms with the strongly Republican Executive Council, which has the power of confirming or blocking his nominations for office, as the United States Senate has in the case of the President. One bone of contention has been the place as one of the three Boston Police Commissioners held by one Osborne, a Republican politician. Gov. Russell became convinced long ago that Osborne was unfit to fill the office, and abundant evidence of the fact was adduced. But the Republican Councillors refused their consent to Osborne's removal by declining to confirm the Governor's nomination of a new man. Osborne's term recently expired, and the Governor made another nomination for the place, selecting a man of the highest character and standing. Some of the Republican politicians advised keeping up the fight by the Council's refusal to confirm the new nomination, but it had become evident that the people sympathized with the Governor, and his partisan opponents finally decided to surrender, the Council on Thursday giving its consent to his action with but one dissenting vote.

A tabular display of the scope and working of the German laws to insure workingmen against sickness, accident, and old age, is to be a part of the German exhibit at the World's Fair. It has been prepared by a member of the Imperial Insurance Department, and in the guide accompanying it the sentiment is expressed: "Since the conditions which disturb the harmony between employer and employed are everywhere practically the same, it is a natural expectation that the advantages which German workingmen owe to the beneficent initiative of the Emperor and to the self-sacrifice of the employers should find a response in other civilized countries for the welfare of the race and the peace of society." This is dutiful and loyal enough on the part of the compiler, Dr. Zacher. He ought, however, to include in his exhibit some of the damaging criticisms which have been directed against the whole system in Germany itself, and to explain why it has not prevented the disturbance of the conditions of harmony between employer and employed. Nor do we believe that the workingman of Chicago will see any remarkable welfare of the race in a scheme which holds out to a laboring man the

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prospect, after he has made his annual payments up to the completion of his seventieth year, of the great pension of thirty five dollars a year. Employers, on the other hand, will see the need of a new definition of contributory negligence if it is to be possible for a laborer in this country, as it is in Germany, to go two miles out of his way by an unaccustomed road and meet with an accident in a swamp in trying to jump across a bog, and then get his accident insurance on the ground that his misfortune befell him as a necessary result of his employment.

The Belgian riots were the not unnatural consequence of the way in which the Chambers have dealt with the question of revising the Constitution. The extension of the electoral franchise has been before the country for several years. It is now limited, and during the agitation for its extension the Belgians have seen universal suffrage established all around them, notably in France and Germany, and have seen the qualification reduced in Great Britain to a point little short of universal suffrage. The strain imposed on the Constitution by the persistent dilatoriness of the Chambers and the indecision of successive Ministries, has been aggravated by the fact that Belgium is the most densely populated country in Europe or, except China, in the world, and has the most rampant and turbulent laboring population except perhaps that of Paris. Striking is one of their favorite pastimes, and they strike as freely in declining and unprofitable as in flourishing industries. To make the political confusion worse confounded, the clergy retain a stronger hold on the peasantry than in any other Catholic country except perhaps the Austrian Tyrol, and are in politics up to their necks in defence of the Church. But during the ten years of growing agitation for a wider "pays légal," the Chambers have simply quarrelled over different plans for making a slight extension. The President of the Council, M. Bernaert, had to confess the other day, at the close of long debates, that they had not made the smallest advance. The politicians of all parties now in office are afraid of universal suffrage in a country in which the masses are either priest-ridden or socialistic to an extraordinary degree; but the period when it was possible to set up or keep up a qualification is now past. Though the Chambers have yielded to the popular menace, the majority may, after all these disorders, come into power in a state of exasperation and with its head full of the millennium. It is a mistake to suppose that any other Power has anything to say in the matter. The neutrality of Belgium as a monarchy has been guaranteed by the five great Powers, but no one of them could interfere with its internal affairs without a mandate from all the others. It is, moreover, doubtful now, whatever it may have been before 1848, whether any interference in favor of any particular form of government would be attempted or permitted. Certainly neither Germany nor France would long allow the existence of anarchy or civil war on its own frontier, but there is no reason why Belgium should not set up a republic as well as Switzerland.

The *coup d'état* in Servia is well calculated to cause a shiver in all the capitals and bourses of Europe. Servia is a part of the Eastern Question, and when that question is opened anything may happen. It is supposed that Russia has had a hand in this otherwise inexplicable movement. It is impossible to suppose that the boy Alexander, only seventeen years of age, could have taken the initiative in such a step. Servia is a country with a strongly developed public opinion, and with more than her fair allotment of *amour propre*. Therefore a mere palace intrigue would be impossible. There must be a strong party in the nation to sustain what looks like an act of gross usurpation and abuse of power. The Regency which was established for the young King has evidently outlived its popularity, and it is not unlikely that Queen Natalie has had her full share in the influences which have overthrown it. Two years ago the Queen returned to Servia in order to be near her son, and perhaps to take a hand in politics, to which she has become addicted since her marital infelicities became insupportable, and perhaps in consequence of them. The Regents caused her to be arrested and sent out of the country. Such action on their part was justified and even required by the terms of the abdication of King Milan, who had expressly stipulated that his wife should not reside in the country. This was an essential part of the settlement. Nevertheless the action of the Regents was very obnoxious to public sentiment, which always takes sides with a yearning mother. Riots took place at Belgrade. The students of the University intercepted the carriage that was conveying the ex-Queen to the railway station, overpowered the guards, and bore her back to the palace in triumph. A second attempt to send her away was more successful, but was not accomplished without bloodshed. No mother would submit to such treatment with anything like cheerfulness, whatever the law might say. She would consider the law the chief part of the offence. Probably she has used the intervening time in plots to "get even" with the Regents, and probably she has found countenance and support in Russia, to which any disturbance of the *status quo* on the lower Danube is supposed to be welcome.

A note of alarm in regard to the financial situation of France is sounded by Paul Leroy-Beaulieu in a long article in the *Journal des Débats*. In it he dissects the budget offered in the Chamber by the Minister of Finance, and shows it to be thoroughly misleading. He characterizes as "laborious artifices" the efforts of the Minister to show a surplus, which, strive as he might, he could not estimate as above $140,000, and enumerates millions and millions of francs due on various obligations of the Government which the budget does not take into account at all. M. Leroy-Beaulieu concludes:

> "When one examines the situation of the Treasury and all the obligations weighing upon it, one sees that there is but a single frank and honorable course open—a great public loan of 1,000,000,000 francs, if not 1,200,000,000, by 1894 at the latest."

No shifts of bookkeeping or schemes of temporary borrowing from the banks can obscure the fact, says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, that at the rate things are going in France there will be a regular annual deficit of from $40,000,000 to $60,000,000, and the need of a loan of $200,000,000 every three or four years. He thinks the Government ought courageously to face the situation and make the loan, as the best means of instructing, "if not the Chamber, at least the country." We may add that his resolute analysis of the country's finances will give little encouragement to those Panama Canal gentry who are for having the enterprise get $30,000,000 a year out of the National Treasury.

It was fully a year ago that the colony of Victoria, in Australia, found itself face to face with a very grave financial crisis. The causes were such as usually bring about the bankruptcy of young communities—primarily, a reckless and extravagant land speculation. For these excesses, as for those of the still more unlucky Argentine Republic, the responsibility rests chiefly with the London capitalists. The appetite for distant speculation which, in the four years preceding the Baring crash, seized upon the whole moneyed class of England, stopped at no geographical line. London "promoters" were as busy in Asia as in North America; in South Africa as in Australia. "Preference shares" in Burmese ruby mines and "cédulas" of Buenos Ayres commanded equally ready sale in London. The mere issue of a full-page "prospectus" in the newspapers would draw subscriptions as quickly for Kaffir gold shares as for unknown land and mortgage companies chartered in Melbourne. It is not to be wondered at that the Australian financiers caught the infection. Local capitalists and local banks plunged into speculation. Some of the procedures were amazingly reckless. The London *Economist*, a few months ago, referred to a specimen instance where one banking company, undertaking a large purchase of land, allowed an intervening company, presumably backed by its own directors, to make the purchase at the market price, and then at once to turn it over to the larger concern, the real purchaser, at an advance of 40 per cent. For such purchases the money of depositors was used.

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"OUR FLAG HAULED DOWN."

THE earliest positive action which Mr. Cleveland's commissioner to Honolulu has taken is to order the American flag removed from the national building of the Hawaiian people. It will be remembered that the original action of Minister Stevens in hoisting the flag of the United States over the Hawaiian national building was an act of invasion, so far as he was concerned, and a betrayal of trust on the part of the members of the Provisional Government, so far as they had a hand in it. They had no authority to ask for a United States protectorate. Granting their claim to be the proper representatives of the Hawaiian people, their only business was to administer the Government which had been set up, and to conduct negotiations for coming under American protection or for outright annexation, in an orderly and legal way, as they had, in fact, set out to do. To break in with a sudden and illegal transfer of the sovereignty of the islands to the United States showed either that they were unfit for their office, or that they really doubted their popular backing, and were anxious to take a desperate and irrevocable step before a change in the general sentiment could make itself manifest.

As for Minister Stevens, his action was properly denounced by Senator Vest, at the time it was first heard of in this country, as no better than piracy. From what we know of the character of this filibustering diplomat, as revealed in his official correspondence, it is altogether likely that he himself suggested the running up of our flag. But whether so or not, and even if all he did was to accede to the request of the Provisional Government, his action was one of gross impropriety and illegality. If there was doubt of this in any man's mind, it must have been dispelled by the fact that even a Jingo Administration could not stomach such proceedings. Even while the treaty was still pending, and President Harrison was straining every nerve to secure its ratification, he was obliged to send the following despatch to Minister Stevens:

> "So far as your action may appear to overstep that limit, by setting the authority and power of the United States above that of the Government of the Hawaiian Islands in the capacity of protector, or to impair in any way the independent sovereignty of the Hawaiian Government by substituting the flag and the power of the United States as the symbol and manifestation of paramount authority, it is disavowed."

When a Minister's action is "disavowed" by his Government, he usually feels called upon to resign in disgrace, and always feels bound to undo the disavowed deed as speedily as possible. Therefore the only mystery in the case is, why all these weeks have been allowed to elapse before hauling down the American flag from a place where it had no right to be, except the right of the black flag. We suppose the truth is, that Minister Stevens did not receive Secretary Foster's disavowing despatch until after the Harrison Administration had gone to the tomb of the Capulets, and so concluded to let the flag wave and take his chances with Mr. Cleveland. That gentleman's disavowal of international piracy has now come with emphasis, and the Hawaiian flag is again floating over Hawaiian property, while the Provisional Government is left to play at government without the support of United States marines. Provisional President Dole seems to have put the best face possible on the matter, saying that he "was satisfied Mr. Blount was proceeding in a proper manner." His knowledge of human nature, however, cannot be regarded as great when he "hoped the newspaper correspondents would not make too much of the lowering of the American flag incident." He doesn't know the breed.

It appears, then, that Mr. Cleveland has simply carried out the Harrison policy as far as taking our flag off other people's property is concerned. What his intentions are for the future are not revealed explicitly in the letter which he sent to President Dole, and which is now made public. He speaks of his "sincere desire to cultivate and maintain to the fullest extent the friendship which has so long existed between the two countries." Every American has such a desire, and every American ought to wish to treat the Hawaiians with the same consideration and deference that we would show to the most powerful country in the world. Feeble as is their nation and their independence, there is every reason to believe that their autonomy is as dear to the Hawaiians as to any people. In 1843, Lord George Paulet tried to play the pirate and ran up the English flag over the Islands. His action was disavowed as soon as the Home Government heard of it, and the English flag was hauled down, while the Hawaiians, according to the account of an eye-witness, wept for joy at the recovery of their independence. It is safe to say that the hauling down of the American flag on April 1 was as great a source of satisfaction to them, and was taken by them as a conclusive proof that President Cleveland meant what he said when he wrote to them of his friendly feeling for their nation.

As for its effect on public opinion here, it has not caused so much buckling on of editorial armor as might have been expected. The newspaper swords are only half out of the sheath, in fact, and the Administration is notified, with much subterraneous rumbling, that this time it will be forgiven, but that it will be a clear *casus belli* if in any way the Provisional Government at the Islands shall be overthrown. As the *Sun* puts it: "When the power of this republic is exerted to crush out republican self-government in another land, and to put back a humbug queen upon a humbug throne, it will be time for popular indignation to make itself heard." Humbug for humbug, there are people who would as soon see a humbug queen as a humbug republic. How truly the latter term fits the nondescript Government at present in control is shown in a despatch of the veteran Charles Nordhoff, printed in Monday's *Herald*, in which he says:

> "I wish to emphasize this fact—confessed by all the annexationists I have seen—that the natives are solidly opposed to annexation. There are against these 40,000 natives 1,928 Americans—men, women, and children—most, though by no means all, of whom want and cry out for annexation. The leaders of these are heads of the fading Provisional Government."

And President Dole himself, only a few weeks ago, told the *Tribune* correspondent that a republic in Hawaii would "necessarily be a government by force," which it would take "resolute men to manage." To lend these resolute men the aid of United States troops for the purpose of coercing the vast majority of the people, would be a glorious triumph for "self-government."

CLUB CANDIDATES.

WHEN the press and the pulpit both take hold of a sensational topic, human reason is apt to be in danger of dethronement. The Seligman incident, as it may be called, at the Union League Club, is an illustration of this. A candidate in the person of Mr. Theodore Seligman, a son of Mr. Jesse Seligman, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Club, has been considerably blackballed by a number of members, in the plain exercise of their rights under the club rules. It is surmised, and it is probably true, that Mr. Seligman was thus treated because he is a Jew, there being no other visible objection to him—that is to say, he has been sacrificed to a prejudice which, in the main, keeps Jews and Christians socially apart in nearly every city in the country, which excludes Jews more or less from all the leading summer hotels, and would probably prevent Mr. Seligman's entrance into any other non-Jewish club in New York. In fact, there is no social phenomenon of the day more familiar to all New Yorkers, and particularly to the philosophers of journalism, than this prejudice. It may be as sad and reprehensible as you please, but it is as notorious as the sun at noonday, and is of long standing. That the newspapers should make a good thing out of it in the way of sensation is not surprising, but here comes the Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright of the Lenox Avenue Unitarian Church, saying on Sunday in his pulpit that when a club blackballs a Jew simply because he is a Jew, the members who cast the blackballs prove themselves not only "outside humanity," but "below rationality," "unintelligent and ignorant," and "irreligious and immoral without doubt." Moreover, the exclusion is "godless, devilish, and doomed." Nor is this all. In trying to get into the Club, Mr. Seligman was "asserting the rights of common humanity," and the Club was bound to let him in, "even at the sacrifice of undoubted privileges and legitimate pleasures," "in order to

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give him his birthright and title" as "a normal man."

It would hardly be worth while commenting on ravings of this kind if they were not copied verbatim and at considerable length by leading morning newspapers as an important contribution to the discussion of the case. This requires something to be said in behalf of the common sense of the community now when the city is so full of strangers.

We do not mean to go into a discussion of the anti-Jewish prejudice apropos of this incident. It would be as useless to do so apropos of Mr. Seligman's being blackballed as apropos of the general failure of Christians in New York to associate more freely with well-bred, attractive Jewish ladies and gentlemen, of whom there are large numbers. What we are now about to say, we say in behalf of private life and private tastes, and not in behalf of either the Union League Club or Christian bigots in general. A club is simply an extension of a private dwelling, in which men of similar tastes, and it may be general agreement on a certain class of social and political questions, may meet in comfort, with certain guarantees that they will not be incommoded by bad manners, by disagreeable personal habits, by the proclamation of offensive opinions by others, or by the presence of persons who for *any reason* may interfere with their enjoyment of the club-rooms. To insure this, the power of selection is left with a committee, and, in some cases, as that of the Union League Club, an absolute veto is given to a minority large enough to prevent a candidate's being victimized by one individual or a small clique. That is to say, it is required that a certain reasonable number shall declare that his presence would render the Club less agreeable to them. But to insist on their giving their reasons, or to blackguard them because the reasons do not seem good to outsiders, is just as "irrational and inhuman" as to berate a man for the principle on which he selects the guests at his own dinner table. This principle may be base, or mean, or cruel, or show a bad heart or an ill instructed mind, but to interfere with it would make him a slave; and any one who suspected that the motives which prevented a host from asking him were unworthy, and should write to the newspapers to claim an occasional dinner of him as the natural right of "a normal man," would make himself ridiculous. This right to select his guests and associates for reasons best known to himself is one which every man carries to his club, if it be a social club, and he exercises it under such restrictions only as the association of a large body of men under one roof may make necessary.

It is said, of course, that the Union League Club has some sort of public functions, including the care of the Republican party, which make it rather a political association than a social club. But it was a social club from the very beginning. It was intended to be a club composed of men reasonably agreeable to each other, who held the same political opinions on the great questions of the day in 1862, and to exert a social influence in favor of the Union in this city. It has been since then converted into a club composed of men who approve of a high tariff; but this, though in our view a perversion of the original aim, does not deprive it of the right to select its members on grounds of social taste, and does not make the social tastes of club members, any more than the social tastes of individuals, proper matter for journalistic and pulpit denunciation. The exclusion of a man because he disapproves of the McKinley Bill, or did not vote for James G. Blaine, is in our minds as irrational and indefensible as the exclusion of a man on account of his race; but the tariff-reformer or Mugwump who tried to force his way into the Club in spite of this objection, as a natural right, would make a great blunder. The part of good taste and good manners is to avoid fighting one's way into clubs, private houses, or society of any description in which one's presence would be for any reason objectionable to any portion of the company. If a man finds that his admission to a club is likely to meet with formidable opposition, dignity and good sense and respect for club life prescribe his withdrawal of his name without a contest. The large number of clubs now existing for men of different tastes or pursuits shows that social clubs are organized on the basis of taste simply, and that if people could get into them by the aid of the Declaration of Independence, or by mandamus or injunction, they would all soon come to an end. No gentleman tries to impose his presence on a circle of people who do not want him, and no sensible man makes their failure to appreciate his society a ground of public complaint, much less of uproar.

THE LANCASHIRE STRIKE.

It is generally believed that trade-unionism is a stage further advanced in England than in the United States. Those who hold this view point to the greater respect which public opinion has in Great Britain for the older combinations among employees, to the more conservative policy which in general governs labor organizations there, and to the relief, as compared with our own country, from unnecessary and unjust strikes, which age and a greater sense of responsibility have secured from English trade unions. Certainly, if the labor strikes with which the United States has been cursed for a year past are specimens of unionism as it will continue to be, we may well hope for such radical defeat as will suppress combinations of employees for a long time to come. But, if we assume that such combinations have a right to exist for good purposes, and will continue to exist and must be reckoned with, then our hope lies in the probability that defeat will bring about wisdom and a better understanding of the proper limitations of labor organizations.

Because of the light which it throws upon our own labor problem, the last word has not been said concerning the Lancashire strike which ended a fortnight ago. Cotton-spinning had suffered, as had every other branch of trade and manufacture in Great Britain, in 1892. The manufacturers decided that some measures must be taken to reconcile cost and selling prices. They therefore proposed to their operatives a reduction of 10 per cent. in wages, changed soon to 5 per cent. The masters' argument was a simple one: in view of the depression in the cotton trade, the ruling wages could no longer be paid. It was charged that the manufacturers were willing to force a strike so that stocks of yarns and cloth on hand could be worked off. There seems no justification for this insinuation, since the mills, it is admitted, lost more money by stopping than they would have done if they had continued running at the old wages. On the other hand, the Operators' Union (or rather unions combined), while acknowledging the depression and the willingness of the men to contribute their share of loss during the hard times, opposed a downright reduction in wages as an inadequate remedy for a commercial crisis, and proposed instead a reduction to eight hours' work a day, with a proportionate cut in the pay-rolls. The manufacturers resisted this proposition on the ground that the real cost of running the mill would not be reduced in proportion to the shortened hours, and that the general outlook for the trade, in the face of increased spinning in India, demanded a more radical solution. The compromise finally reached, after a costly strike, was a reduction in pay of 3 per cent. with the old number of hours per day.

The London *Economist* states the real object of the strike to have been the desire on the part of the Spinners' Union to pave the way for an eight-hour day in the future. While willing to accept eight hours now, with a corresponding reduction in wages, the spinners would have been in a position, when trade revived, to demand their old daily wages without any increase in hours of work. Though both sides yielded something in the compromise, the operators practically lost their case; for the slightly better outlook allowed the masters without too much loss to reduce their demand from a 5 per cent. decrease in wages to 3 per cent., while the effort toward an eight hour day at old wages some time in the future has failed. The terms of the compromise, outside the reduction, were to the general effect that wages once fixed are not to be changed for a twelvemonth; that wages shall be put back when equitable; that neither side shall ask for any change or institute a strike or a lockout without giving due notice and

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explanation to the other, and that the general condition of the trade involving questions of profit and wages shall be considered from time to time by a committee composed of three members from the masters and three from the spinners.

The impression left on the mind by a survey of the whole strike is that it was unnecessary; that the money lost (estimated at $15,000,000, taking all England into account) was wasted, and that the machinery devised to prevent a future strike or lockout ought to have stopped the one in question. The right of the workingmen to know about trade conditions and profits, and to sit in judgment upon such matters, seems to be acknowledged, in theory at least, together with the fact that there is a relationship of some sort between profits and wages. Clearly enough, the acknowledgment of such theoretic rights would not have been made had not the masters believed the trade union to be strong enough to enforce its side of the contract upon the operatives, and able to understand business points when brought before it by the millowners. While, therefore, the fact that so disastrous a strike should have been undertaken at all argues ill for the judgment of labor leaders in England, the terms of the compromise are such as to lead to hopes of avoiding affairs of the kind for the future.

In the case of the Central Railroad of Georgia, Judge Speer expressed the hope that the engineers would, when necessary, come before the Court asking for their legal rights as a body, just as their employers had been doing. Evidently the thought in the Judge's mind was that of a responsible and compact body of employees asking for justice as they conceived it, law-abiding, and capable of fulfilling all contracts entered into as railway men. We assumed at the beginning of this article that trade-unionism was certain to flourish and must be taken into account. It is indeed a force in our commercial life which is to be considered good or bad according as it is well or ill directed. Hitherto in the United States its government has not been of the right sort. The greatest need of labor organizations to-day is good leadership. Railway men, cotton operatives, switchmen, and artisans have alike been inclined to follow demagogues, mouth workers, alleged laborers, who subsist by strikes, and whose personal profit has lain in encouraging disputes. The walking delegate has become a by-word. The leaders in England—some of them are in Parliament—are of a better class. If our American laborers would seek the advice of competent men, would cease to take mean advantages (as by strikes during the World's Fair, for example), would pay some regard to the capitalist and his right to a profit, and in general would act like sensible men in demanding only what on examination should prove to be just, they would turn public opinion a long way in their favor. We might then in time cease to regard a labor union as a terror and menace to all business.

THE SECRET OF GLADSTONE.

THE ascendency over his party and over the middle and working classes in England which Mr. Gladstone continues to hold, and indeed seems to have strengthened considerably since the opening of the present session of Parliament, is exciting more and more bewilderment among his opponents, and this bewilderment is of course much increased by his marvellous mental and physical activity. *Punch*, in its "Essence of Parliament," the clever *jeu d'esprit* contributed weekly during the session by Mr. H. W. Lucy, gives the following sketch of one of the old gentleman's recent days, which, though humorous, is strictly accurate:

"Earned a night's rest and a longer Easter holiday than he has allotted to himself and us. His work to-day should make the eight-hours man blush. At bay in Downing Street since twelve o'clock with two hostile deputations. Came from Ulster and the City, resolved to beard home-rule lion in his den. Alone he met them; one down, the other come on; no interval of rest. Picked men from Ulster, selected captains from the City, surged around table at which he sat. Hardly left him time to reply. Having politely conducted Ulster to door, enter the City Fathers, fresh and eager for the fray. Told him over again, in varied phrase, how he was bringing country to verge of ruin; listened with perfect courtesy, as if they'd been discussing some one else—say, his next-door neighbor, Squire of Malwood and Junior Lord of Downing Street. Up again when last in list of City speakers had concluded. Almost persuaded John Lubbock to be Home-Ruler; then down to House, dealing with mass of correspondence littering his table in room behind Speaker's chair; alert on sound of division-bell; comes in to move closure; remembers that in long list of speeches never made this particular one before; looks up Palgrave's 'Handbook'; cons his lesson and declaims brief formula in deep rich voice that lends touch of eloquence to its unadorned, remorseless demand. All this, too, following on a day like yesterday, when two other deputations stormed Downing Street; drew from him weighty reply; followed, after hasty dinner, by a speech in the House on the eternal Irish question, which Grandolph rightly termed 'entrancing.'"

To this almost preternatural activity and endurance must be added the fact that he not only has held together the very fragile-looking majority with which he took office, but seems to have increased it, and given it a solidity which grows stronger under every attack of the Opposition. Indeed, he told his supporters, with much gayety of manner, at the recent meeting in the Foreign Office, that the majority he had not only was enough for him, but ought to be enough for any reasonable man, for he reminded them that one of the longest Ministries England has ever had, Lord Melbourne's, which lasted six years and a half, never had more than thirty majority, and Lord John Russell's had not so many. In fact, he intimated that a small majority was on the whole better than a large one, because it held together better, and that there must be no more anxiety in the Liberal ranks on that score.

The effect of all this on the Conservative mind is, as we have said, so bewildering that the philosophic observers of the party have begun to study Gladstone as an abnormal political growth, on which no previous experience of English public life throws much if any light. The last number of the *Economist* makes an elaborate study of the causes of his ascendency from the standpoint of the "historian of the future." It makes this personage admit that Gladstone's position in 1893 was an amazing one, almost, if not quite, without precedent in English history, but it makes him "hesitate in describing its final causes." "The historian's" attempt at the solution of the problem, however, cannot be considered satisfactory, and indeed is in the main self-contradictory. No amount of popularity among the workingmen, for instance, and no democratic or friendly tone about "the intelligence of the people," could possibly enable Mr. Gladstone to "dominate the great men in his own party," or relieve him of the necessity of even consulting them, or "make him supreme in his own Cabinet," so that his colleagues not only did not even venture to remonstrate with him. His colleagues, it must be remembered, number such men as Sir William Harcourt, Lord Rosebery, Lord Spencer, Lord Acton, Lord Herschel, Lord Kimberley, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Fowler, Mr. John Morley, Mr. James Bryce, and several others of long and good standing in public life, of great weight with the country, and of remarkable intellectual acumen. They could not be reduced to this tame acquiescence in all the dicta of their chief by the mere fact that he was very popular with the working classes, and flattered these classes by his deferential treatment of their opinions.

During the past fortnight there have been two remarkable illustrations of the impression he makes as a debater, not on his colleagues, but on opponents who look on him as a dangerous politician, and who absolutely refuse to follow his lead on the Irish question. One of these is Lord Randolph Churchill, not perhaps a very weighty personage, but weighty enough to have been Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Salisbury. Lord Randolph, after hearing Mr. Gladstone's speech in the debate on that motion of censure on the Irish policy of the Ministry made by Mr. Balfour a fortnight ago, which collapsed so completely, declared, on rising to follow him, that it was an "entrancing speech," and confessed in advance his inability to meet it. More striking testimony by far to Mr. Gladstone's powers of exposition and persuasion is to be found in the article by Mr. Leonard Courtney on bimetallism in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Courtney is well known as an economist, and as Chairman of Committees in the last Parliament, a place which he was universally acknowledged to have filled better than it had ever been filled before. He

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was one of the members of the late Monetary Commission, which reported against bimetallism. He is a Liberal-Unionist who deserted Mr. Gladstone on the home-rule question, and is undoubtedly the clearest and perhaps coldest thinker of the lot, and the least likely to be led astray or charmed by mere rhetoric. He opens his article in the *Nineteenth Century* by saying:

"Those who were privileged to hear Mr. Gladstone's speech three weeks since on the subject of the resumption of the Brussels Conference, must have been charmed with its play and power. As a debating achievement it was miraculous. The youngest might have envied its vivacity, and those who were subjected to its badinage might have forgiven its satire in their admiration of the skill of the artist. The form of the speech was well-nigh perfect."

Mr. Courtney then goes on to combat some of its conclusions. An orator who produces effects of this sort on minds like Mr. Courtney does not need to have his ascendency explained by any device so cheap as friendliness of manner with workingmen. Oratory must be an instrument of tremendous force to make the impression which Mr. Gladstone makes on an audience on the whole so critical and unimpressionable as what is called "the educated" class in England, which Mr. Gladstone invariably addresses and largely dominates, for even his opponents have to resist violently and call for help in order not to be carried off captive by him.

But it must also be said that no man in public life in England secures a powerful following through mere oratory. The orator, the man who talks easily and talks well, does not by any means hold the commanding position in England that he holds here. In fact, the English are a little suspicious of the orator who has not a large mass of property behind him, or has not transacted great affairs. Gladstone could not rule England as he now rules it as a mere debater. When the *Economist* remarks, as if *en passant*, "that he carried out with singular ability the work of free trade initiated through Sir Robert Peel," it virtually calls attention to the fact that Mr. Gladstone framed and carried through the most important series of legislative acts in English history, which have literally resulted in the transformation of the country and the creation of a new England which Peel himself would hardly recognize. In other words, he has been the author of the most beneficent and in its effects most far-reaching of modern revolutions. Not less remarkable was his abolition of those two most flagrant abuses, the Irish Church establishment and the system of purchase in the army. The monstrosity of both of them had been since Pitt's day freely acknowledged by every Liberal statesman. They were rooted in some of the deepest and oldest prejudices of English society, and had grown into vested interests of immense size and strength. But when the time came, he tackled them with remorseless courage, energy, and skill. Nothing, in fact, could be more futile than the attempts to ascribe Mr. Gladstone's influence wholly to the charms of his speech. It has behind it forty years of achievement in legislation such as no other English statesman has to show.

FRENCH PUBLISHERS AT CHICAGO.

PARIS, April 1, 1893.

VISITORS to the last Paris Exposition may recall the collection of books sent by the American publishers. Not only was it very meagre, but several of our best-known book-manufacturers shone only by their absence. This portion of the United States section occupied scarcely twelve square yards of flooring. When, therefore, I started in the other day to glance at the preparations made for Chicago by the French publishers, I did not expect to see anything of much importance. If, in 1889, we had at Paris fewer volumes than would be found in an ordinary district-school library, there was no reason to expect the French to do better by us this year. Imagine my happy surprise, then, at finding the leading publishers of Paris—the Firmin-Didots, Hachettes, Plons, Hetzels, etc.—and several, like Mame of Tours and Storck of Lyons, from the provinces, participating so generously in the Columbian Exposition that Class 34 (bookbinding, typography, cartography, etc.) will require for its installation some fifty by sixteen yards of space, more than one-third of which will be given up exclusively to the publishers, who have taxed themselves, on this occasion, about 90,000 francs, not less than 40,000 francs of which sum is borne by the members of the Paris Publishers' Club (Cercle de la Librairie de Paris) alone. At least 2,000 volumes, the cream of the output of the French presses during the last few years, will soon be seen tastefully displayed on the second floor of the gigantic building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts. Some one hundred and thirty large boxes of books have reached Chicago by this time. One of these boxes—that of Gruel, the famous binder of the Rue St. Honoré—is alone insured for 75,000 francs.

A catalogue, which forms a part of the Club's special exhibit, gives a list of the volumes sent by French publishers to the World's Fairs held in London in 1864, in Vienna, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Melbourne, Barcelona, Antwerp, and Amsterdam. A glance at this catalogue shows that the present Exhibition seems to be held in the highest esteem by this association of patriotic publishers bent on carrying to every quarter of the globe the fame of their trade, for at none of the above-mentioned international fairs has the Club made such a large display as it will make this summer on the shores of Lake Michigan. It will be six times larger than that made at Philadelphia in 1876. Many of these volumes are to be in open shelves so that they can be easily taken down and examined by the public. It may be safely predicted, therefore, that one of the most delightful spots in Jackson Park this summer will be the cosey room, whose windows look out on Lake Michigan, containing the exhibit brought together by the intelligent and indefatigable efforts of M. Émile Terquem, who has been delegated to represent at Chicago his fellow-members of the Paris Publishers' Club.

A word about the Cercle de la Librairie de Paris, whose collective exhibit will be the most interesting feature of Class 34. The Club, or Society, was founded in 1847, on the eve of the Revolution, and it has now a membership of over three hundred, with nearly one hundred corresponding members, pertaining to every branch of the business which has to do with the fabrication of books and to the diffusion of thought and art. One of the corners of the Boulevard St. Germain is adorned with the Club's handsome little hôtel, a creation of Charles Garnier, architect of the Opera-house. Here, during the Exposition season of 1889, more than one American publisher was agreeably entertained, and here is the official headquarters of the French League for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Property, which, in the person of its delegate, Count de Kératry, who, by the way, has just sailed for New York, so ably seconded Mr. Johnson and the American friends of international copyright in the recent struggle at Washington. The special exhibit of the Club contains, among other volumes, an illustrated historic and descriptive account of this excellent institution, to which publication I refer those who wish to know more about the Club.

Leaving the special exhibit of the Club, and turning our attention to the general exhibit, we find a number of historical works. Thus, Félix Alcan sends his 'Recueil des Instructions données aux Ambassadeurs et Ministres de France,' issued under the auspices of the Committee on Diplomatic Archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This is a fine edition on Holland paper, and among the editors of the nine volumes are Albert Sorel, Alfred Rambaud, and Joseph Reinach. The house of Plon, Nourrit & Co., well known for its collection of memoirs and histories, is fully represented in these departments. The memoirs of Marbot, the Duchess of Gontaut, Gen. Jarras, Marshal Macdonald, etc., and Thureau-Dangin's 'Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet,' Albert Sorel's 'L'Europe et la Révolution Française,' Camille Rousset's 'La Conquête de l'Algérie,' etc., most of which works have been reviewed in the *Nation*, will all be found on M. Terquem's shelves. Messrs. Jouvet & Co. contribute a number of standard Histories of France, the late Henri Martin's being of the number.

The collection is particularly rich in *ouvrages de luxe*. Among these are, from the Plons, 'Les Maîtres Florentins du XV^e^ Siècle,' containing thirty drawings by Count Delaborde and W. Haussoullier, after original paintings and sculptures in Thiers's collection, a folio volume costing 300 francs; from Édouard Rouveyre, the first of two volumes devoted to the manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci, with facsimiles or reproductions of the originals; a dozen notable works from the press of Thézard, the architectural publisher of Dourdan, near Paris, devoted to the subject of art as applied to decoration and house-furnishing; another dozen of magnificent volumes bearing the imprint of the Hachettes; from Laurens a number of costly publications, including the late Charles Blanc's 'Histoire des Peintres,' sold at 300 francs; and from Le Vasseur & Co. superb editions of Buffon and La Fontaine.

The large place which Victor Hugo still fills in French literature is strikingly shown in the Chicago exhibit. Hébert sends a collection of one hundred engravings to accompany the Hetzel-Quantin "Ne-Varietur" editions of Hugo's works, one being in forty-eight and the other in seventy volumes. These same editions are also exhibited by the printers of them—the Librairies-Imprimeries Réunies. Conquet, the *de luxe* publisher of the Rue Drouot, offers a fine edition of 'Ruy Blas,' illustrated with a portrait of the poet and fifteen drawings by Adrien Moreau, engraved by Champollion. Then there is Émile Testard's great "édition

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nationale," of which thirty-four volumes have already appeared and which will be completed next year. So far, one hundred and seventy-five large *hors texte* etchings and about sixteen hundred *taille douce* vignettes, the work of the leading artists of France, have appeared in this edition, which, it will be remembered, was inaugurated by a grand banquet, the last ever attended by the poet, given a few months before his death.

The catalogue, prepared for the Exhibition under the auspices of the Cercle de la Librairie, contains considerable information of interest. Scattered through its pages are facts which illustrate the well-known custom in France of keeping a business for several generations in the same family. Two of the exhibiting printing establishments offer notable examples of this. Thus, the Crétés at Corbeil, near Paris, founded their office in 1808, and it has been managed successively by the grandfather and the father of the present director. The Danel printing-house at Lille is still more remarkable in this respect, as it has been in the same family since 1697. Among the publishers of whom the same thing may be said are the Delalains, who have been the great school-book printers of France since 1808; the Hachettes, the Firmin-Didots, and the Massons. The last-mentioned house was established by the father of the present head, and the son of the latter is now an active member of the firm, and will probably visit Chicago this summer in an official capacity. But the picture-publishing house of Hautecœur affords perhaps the best instance of this habit. It was founded in 1796 by M. Martinet. In 1820 Honorat Hautecœur married Mlle. Martinet, and in 1844 the two sons, issue of this union, took control of the business. In 1868, the younger of these two brothers, Alfred Hautecœur, became sole proprietor, and in 1879 he associated with him his only son, Jules Hautecœur, who, by the death of the father in November, 1882, came to be the head of the firm.

The house of Mame might also be cited in this connection, for, established in 1796, it is now managed by the son,* grandson, and the two great-grandsons of its founder. But it is interesting in other respects too. It puts into practice certain benevolent ideas by which the 800 men, women, and children employed in the establishment share in the profits of the business and find relief in sickness and old age. This great publishing-house occupies an area of six acres in the centre of Tours, and produces about 6,000,000 volumes a year. The printing department can turn out 15,000 volumes per day, and the binding department can do the same for 8,000 volumes. It sends to Chicago a number of remarkable *ouvrages de luxe*, and many specimens of its specialty, viz., Catholic publications and prayer-books.

The only French binder who goes to Chicago is Gruel, but his exhibit will be exceedingly rich. He has issued a special catalogue for this occasion, in which each of his two score of volumes is described in print on one page with a full-page illustration opposite showing the front cover. The price asked for some of these volumes will give an idea of the material value at least of the whole collection. Thus De Lamennais's 'Imitation de Jésus-Christ,' a rare edition beautifully bound in *cuirs ciselés*, is marked 4,780 francs. Another copy of the same work, in brown morocco in the style of Maïoli of the sixteenth century, is valued at 3,500 francs. A manuscript 'Livre de Mariage,' with a delicately carved Louis XIV. ivory bas-relief on the cover, is to be sold for 2,800 francs. Nearly the same sum is asked for 'La Légende Dorée en Francoys,' Lyons, 1484, "wide margins, first edition, excessively rare," says the catalogue, bound in morocco and having silver clasps. The most costly volume in the lot—20,000 francs is the price asked for it—is the original manuscript of De Lamennais's 'Imitation,' one hundred pages on vellum, "four large compositions and a number of miniatures inspired by some of the finest manuscripts of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, with varied borders, executed by two miniaturists of great talent—MM. Moreau and Ledroux."

A few words in closing about the exhibit of the National Printing Office, which will be found in the French Government Building. This establishment is much more than its name would indicate to Americans. In the first place, its director, M. Henri Doniol, member of the Institute, is a scholar and an author, his history of the part taken by France in our war for Independence having attracted considerable attention. Again, the building in the quaint Rue Vieille du Temple, where the office is situated, is in itself a most curious specimen of ancient Paris. M. Doniol's drawing-room, with its artistic and whimsical mural paintings, in which monkeys cut a prominent figure, is a fine specimen of this seventeenth-century style of decoration. And the exhibit, composed of nearly a hundred volumes, shows that M. Doniol's work as a publisher is not limited to the turning out of prosaic official documents, ministerial proclamations, revenue stamps, and the like, but that he finds time to give to the world carefully printed tomes devoted to art and learning, some of which appear in the odd dress of the languages of Corea, Abyssinia, Annam, Syria, etc. THEODORE STANTON.

*Since this letter was written M. Alfred Mame has died at an advanced age. He was a quiet, genial gentleman, who has not been seen much in Paris since the summer of 1889, when he served on the Book Jury of the International Exposition of that year.

IN THE BALEARIC ISLES.—I.

PALMA, March, 1893.

TRAVELLERS by the Mediterranean route from New York to Genoa enjoy towards the end of their voyage, provided they are blessed with fair weather, three days of exceptional beauty and interest. When approaching the coast of Spain in the early morning, its arid mountain tops, its richly colored rocks and soil, and its ancient and memorable towns, with their glittering white walls, come slowly into view. Jutting out into the sea and claiming special notice, Trafalgar reminds us that these tranquil waters have felt the stir of heroic deeds. Across the straits the shores of Africa rise ghost-like in the early light, a dreamy calm resting on her lofty mountains. The Pillars of Hercules, monuments of nature's early struggles, loom up grandly before us. Drawing near Gibraltar, the great fortress-rock looks harmless enough, clothed with olives and blossoming almond trees, and with tall palms clustering at its feet. As our ship drops anchor in front of the smiling hillside, a number of small boats come alongside, and palm baskets filled with figs, dates, and oranges, and gorgeous Eastern handiwork are lifted up the ship's side for our inspection; but trade is not very brisk, for the prospective hour on shore is all-engrossing. In that brief space a vivid picture is etched on the memory of steep and narrow streets up which strange figures are climbing: of tall, white-turbaned Arabs and mendicant monks and jaunty English soldiers; of dark-eyed little boys with bunches of great fragrant violets; of heavily laden donkeys brushing the walls of the houses with their burdens; of Moors and Turks clothed in richly dyed stuffs sitting impassive in the marketplace; of brilliant sunshine everywhere—and then the hour is up.

Rounding Gibraltar, its other side, we find, wears quite a different aspect. Rugged, naked, and rising almost perpendicularly to a height of over fourteen hundred feet, Hercules himself would think twice before attempting to assault it, and fortification on that side would seem to be a work of supererogation. Now losing sight of land altogether, again catching glimpses of bold headlands, the second morning brings a surprise. No coast line in sight, but before us, on our right, a great mass of jagged, red-brown rock rises out of the sea, with pinnacled towers and deep buttresses, like some vast cathedral of singular beauty and grand proportions. This is Formentera, the southernmost of that group of islands lying about half way between the coasts of Spain and Africa, known geographically as the Balearic Isles, but so little visited that a recent French writer calls them "Les Îles Oubliées." Maintaining its impressiveness to the last, Formentera gradually disappears, and meanwhile Ibiza has come into view, showing a fringe of umbrella pines along the tops of its rounded hills. There are what seem to be forests of cork trees and a few cultivated fields, with one or two white farmhouses in sheltered nooks, but these are the only evidences of human life visible, for we keep at a respectful distance—the white spray dashing on those rocks warning off intruders. Ibiza remains long in sight, then slowly sinks into the sea. A period of monotony, and then a bold range of mountains, rising sheer up at one point until lost in the clouds, announces, while at the same time it jealously hides, Mallorca, the largest of the three principal islands. We sail for hours in front of those mountains, noting the great furrows worn in their sides, the cavernous depths at their bases, and the snow gleaming on their topmost peak, and then, as the sun goes down, they glow for a little space with wonderful beauty, and we are left to dream of what lies behind their rocky walls. It is said that travellers sailing between these islands, when darkness covers the sea, have had such fragrant and spicy odors wafted to them as to lead the fancy to paint these invisible regions as the veritable gardens of the Hesperides. These sea tales of Elysian Fields, those forbidding mountains, have roused the spirit of desire, and although the third morning brings the beautiful Riviera into view, those "golden islands" glow with ever-increasing brightness as distance widens between us and them.

The Maritime Alps were white with snow, and the air blew keen across the sea, as we stood on the hurricane-deck on the last day of our journey and watched the Riviera open before us. With its beautiful towns spreading along the shore or climbing up the green hill-slopes, and its background of snowy mountains, such a panorama alone is worth a winter trip across the Atlantic. Nightfall brought us to Genoa, and morning offered fresh delights; but a certain subtle flavor was lacking, and so we took counsel as to the practical measures necessary to reach our promised land. Inquiry brought little information, and polite surprise was manifested at our persistence. With Nice and Cannes, to say nothing of Rome and Florence, within easy reach, why go so far out of the way for the unknown? We did not care to mention Elsyian Fields to a ticket agent, so we held our peace and quietly took passage on a ship bound for Buenos Ayres,

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which would touch at Barcelona, feeling sure of our ground, once on Spanish soil, for was not Spain mother, or at least stepmother, to our islands? And, sure enough, arrived at Barcelona, it seemed quite a matter of course that they should be our destination, for Mallorca's bountiful groves and orchards refresh the busy Barcelonians with fruit of exquisite quality, and make a semi-weekly run between the mainland and the islands a necessity.

With the Mediterranean temper a little ruffled, our twelve hours' sail was not one of unalloyed pleasure, but sunrise brought more than compensation. As we entered the beautiful bay of Palma, the capital of Mallorca, a rosy glow spread over the eastern hills, touching with pink a white village with terraced gardens of palm and orange sloping to the sea. Above it rose a dark growth of pine, with a fortress-castle crowning the height. In front of us lay the city, rising on gentle slopes towards mountains of much more friendly aspect than those that guard the northwestern coast. A line of busy windmills stretched out along a sandy beach to the right, with almond orchards, white with promise, in the background. Almost at the water's edge rose a building of simple and beautiful proportions, the Lonja, or Exchange, rivalling in interest the magnificent cathedral crowning the old ramparts and dominating the city. The inner harbor gave lively evidence of not forgetting or being by the world forgot, and, as we stepped on shore, the amenities of civilization were offered to us in the shape of two tariff inspections, provincial and municipal.

These ceremonies over, a canvas-covered omnibus took us to the Fonda de Mallorca, the principal hotel of the city. Had we landed at night, we might have had some misgivings, as we were led to our room through many devious passages, down a slippery inclined plane, with a dove-cote *en route;* but daylight and an excellent breakfast helped us to view things with unprejudiced eyes. The streets were cheerful with busy life as we took our first walk in Palma, They are mostly very narrow and winding, with an absent-minded way of forgetting their original intention and leading the ignorant wayfarer into strange places. Many are so narrow as not to allow of two vehicles passing each other, and to avoid collisions a horse and cart are painted on the house-walls at the corners, with the head of the horse turned according as the word *entrada* (entrance) or *salida* (exit) is painted above. This would seem to indicate that many here who run cannot read. The old houses are low, with projecting eaves often curiously carved, which shelter the upper story, left open to the street and forming a pleasant, shady gallery. The more modern houses are high, with the ground floor given up to a variety of trades. Coopers, blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers, rope and basketmakers here ply their trades with observant eye on the world passing by. Intertwined in the balustrades of many of the houses were palm branches which, we were told, had been blessed on Palm Sunday and preserved throughout the year to keep out witches and ward off lightning. Stopping in the marketplace to indulge extravagantly in oranges at five cents a dozen, we saw one or two countrymen dressed in the old-time island costume—wide trousers gathered at the knee, short, loose jacket, shawl tied around the waist, and gay handkerchief wound about the head. Some, in lieu of jacket, wore a goatskin with the hair out and the tail hanging down. Maids, with hair in one long plait and wearing caps with deep frill at back and long ends crossed in front, soberly made their household purchases or filled their quaint water-jars at the cisterns, and, balancing them on their sturdy hips, bore them lightly away.

Turning into a street lined with small shops, with their one window hung with chains and dangling spoons, and where, in open doorways and under archways, jewellers were busily at work, we found ourselves in a quarter of the city where live descendants of the Jews forcibly converted to Christianity. It is said that they were once obliged to say their prayers in public lest they might be tempted to omit them altogether, but as they are now supposed to be well seasoned in Christian habits, they are left alone in the strictest sense, no intercourse being held with them except in the way of trade. They are known as *chuatas*, a term of reproach whose original signification is somewhat obscure. In a narrow street of tall, dark houses, the clacking of looms discovered men and women at work in small rooms, lighted only by the open door or grating in the wall, weaving a coarse native fabric of more durability than beauty, used for floor-coverings, folding-chairs, and so forth. The weavers gave us only a furtive glance, while the noise of the looms went on unceasingly.

Along the Rambla, the fashionable promenade, a wide avenue lined with plane trees, young girls and matrons were sauntering home from the daily Lenten service. A few wore hats of the latest Paris fashion, but the majority wore long black lace veils becomingly arranged over the head and shoulders. Some carried large fur muffs, which contrasted oddly with their light head-covering. Under the arm were carried folding-stools, richly upholstered, for use during service. We saw no strikingly beautiful faces or graceful forms; a certain heaviness both of form and feature seemed to prevail, though there were some happy exceptions. The men whom we met wore the long Spanish cloak.

Thus far the sense of sight had been so actively employed that we had been only vaguely conscious of a weird, monotonous sound that arose at frequent intervals and echoed dismally through the narrow streets and narrower alleys; but now a painful sense of prevailing lamentation assailed us. A prolonged wail drew us to a Moorish doorway opening into a courtyard, where we saw a woman vigorously scrubbing the flagstones and at the same time uttering sounds similar to those which had so mystified us. A little further on we came across a party of masons at work, who were lustily pouring forth the same lugubrious strains. We conclude that this is a native melody (!), born, perhaps, in the mountain fastnesses when wild tribes roamed over the country, but unsuited to civilization; it has gained nothing and lost everything in the transplanting. Through a maze of streets, where we caught fascinating glimpses of domestic life and hints of a remote civilization, past the grand cathedral, with a happy sense of ample time in which to study its beauties, we came to the ramparts, where the setting sun threw its own splendor on mountain, sea, and stately tower. At such an hour no term seemed too extravagant to apply to this land of beauty.

Strolling hotelward towards dusk, we had an opportunity of observing the original way in which Mallorcan chickens go home to roost. As our glance fell on the rear wall of one of the houses built on the old ramparts, we saw a man leaning out of a window in one of the upper stories and slowly drawing up a long rope, to which was attached a basket containing a fluttering and loquacious hen. On the ground below, another hen and a rooster were impatiently flapping their wings. As the empty basket descended, the rooster ungallantly got in first and was drawn up. We waited to watch the safe ascent of the remaining hen and then hastened to dinner. It was somewhat disagreeable to be obliged to sit through a table-d'hôte dinner in a thick fog of tobacco smoke, but this circumstance arose from no lack of politeness, for each guest saluted civilly on entering and leaving the room; but it seems to be the custom here for everybody to smoke everywhere. The dinner was all that could be desired, both as to cooking and serving. Soup, fish, fowl, beef, good wine, and several kinds of fruit were served in generous portions, and doubtless it was only a foolish prejudice that made it seem odd to have the fish appear immediately before dessert.

As night fell, a deadly chill pervaded the house, and we looked about for means for warmth, but there was no fireplace in dining-room, saloon, or sleeping-room. As we sat wrapped in our travelling-rugs, we mused over certain lines we had heard quoted descriptive of this land:

> "There the human kind
> Enjoy the easiest life: no snow is there,
> No biting winter, and no drenching shower,
> But zephyr always gently from the sea
> Breathes on them, to refresh the happy race."

But as we listened drowsily through the night to the watchman chanting the hours and the state of the weather, his continued assurance of serenity fell pleasantly on our ears and brightened our anticipations for the morrow.

S. G.

Correspondence.

THE 'A. L. A. INDEX.'

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your notice of the 'A. L. A. Index' (April 6) calls attention to several defects and deficiencies, of which none could be more painfully aware than the compilers, and most of which, it is hoped, may be removed in a second edition, which, however, can hardly be published for some years. But on two points criticised it seems that a simple word of explanation may remove the grounds of objection. The reviewer says: "Many works are analyzed which might properly be called non-indexable; for example, Adams's 'New Departure' and 'Chapters of Erie,' . . . Dilke's 'Greater Britain,' Brooke's 'Seven Months' Run' [etc.]. . . . We should have just as much right to expect Bonvalot's 'Across Asia,' or Cooke's 'Old Touraine,' and a thousand others to be indexed." (The difficulty of securing accuracy in such work is evidenced by the fact that you print "Brooke's" for "Brooks's" and "Cooke's" for "Cook's" in the few titles enumerated.)

Now, the volumes by Mr. Adams were indexed precisely for the reason that each of them contains "other essays" not suggested by the title, and on widely different subjects, such facts in book-making being the very *raison d'être* of the 'A. L. A. Index.' As to the books of travel, the intention was to include all "whose chapters or parts," to quote my preface, "are worthy of separate reference, etc." Of course many important books of travel were simply overlooked. (Cook's 'Old Touraine' is included in the Annual Index for 1892, just issuing as supplementary to both 'Poole' and 'A. L. A.') But those included were taken because they were so constructed that their chapters constitute monographs on different places or objects of interest. Many of the best books

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of travel do not lend themselves to this treatment.

The other point on which explanation appears to be in order is that of abbreviations. I do not clearly see the ground on which some of my abbreviations are "objectionable." They are often ungainly, to be sure, but I hope they will always fulfil their mission, which is simply to furnish an unmistakable guide to the title intended, and to be self-explanatory to the average library attendant. Let the user of the Index draw off the references as they stand and send them in to a library or take them to a catalogue himself, and he will find them serving their purpose, which is more than can be said for any arbitrary scheme that can be devised. They represent the best compromise I could make in each case between giving the full title and the imperative demands of space in such a work. W. I. F.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read the review of the 'A. L. A. Index' in the *Nation* for April 6. Permit me to say in reply to one criticism there made, that Sparks's 'Library of American Biography' was indexed in the main volume of Poole's 'Index to Periodical Literature.'

Respectfully, LODILLA AMBROSE,
Asst. Librarian.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY,
EVANSTON, ILL., April 15, 1893.

EXTREMES OF CULTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To those who realize the value of a careful study of literary tendencies, the following gem from a book review of recent date in the *Dial* of Chicago will be of interest:

"Under her [Mrs. Susannah Taylor] hospitable mahogany were frequently stretched the eminent legs of Mrs. Barbauld, Sir James Mackintosh, Dr. Southey, Amelia Opie, Crabb Robinson (the Wandering Jew of anecdote), etc."

We were told that the great University was speedily to erect Chicago into a centre of "culture." Can this be one of the first fruits of its influence? W. H. JOHNSON.

GRANVILLE, O., April 15, 1893.

GRASS-WIDOW AND *WIDOW BEWITCHED.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his letter to the *Nation* of March 23, Dr. Hall inquires as to the use of the term "grass-widow" in the United States. Proposing the question to about one hundred students, I found the term familiar to all. Nineteen understood it to mean a woman divorced (whether the divorce had been obtained by her or by her husband); to thirty-seven the term signified a woman divorced or informally separated from her husband, he usually being the deserting party; forty-two were familiar with the term only in reference to a woman who had been deserted by her husband or had left him, usually the former. In other words, four-fifths knew it in the sense of a woman informally separated from her husband, whether by mutual understanding or because one party, usually the husband, had deserted the other. It was reported as meaning "divorced" by one each from Virginia, Florida, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, by two from Iowa, and by twelve from Michigan; "divorced or deserted" by one each from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Utah, Nevada, by three from Ohio, and by twelve from Michigan; "deserted" by one each from Vermont, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Minnesota, by three from Ohio, four from Indiana, eleven from Illinois, nineteen from Michigan.

To none was the ordinary meaning of the term "a wife whose husband is compelled by his duties to live abroad for a long time, and away from her"; but several had heard it used jocosely in that way, in which case the speaker would immediately after explain what he meant. One or two associated with the term a woman whose conjugal relations had been many or irregular. But no one knew it in the sense of an unmarried woman deserted by her lover.

Light might be thrown on the origin of the term by a consideration of corresponding terms in other languages, especially Germanic. I am familiar only with those in German, but the Century Dictionary cites also various Scandinavian forms; for example, Swedish *gräsenka*. In North Germany *Graswitwe* is used, and generally means a young woman who has lost her virginity. But in most parts of Germany the term is *Strohwitwe*, which means either a woman whose husband has left her, or one whose husband is much away from home. As is well known, it was formerly customary in parts of Germany to require of a bride who had been deflowered that she wear at her wedding a wreath of straw in place of the usual fresh green wreath, and the custom of strewing straw or chaff before the door of such a bride (cf. Goethe's 'Faust,' i, 3575) is said to linger in some villages. The straw and chaff are generally regarded as symbols of what is withered or deflowered. So, too, in England there was a time when to show a woman a tuft of straw was the greatest of insults (cf. "Henry the Sixth," Pt. III., ii, 2, 144, and Nares's 'Glossary.')

If this is the clue to the matter, the meanings of the term would appear to have this chronology: (1) unmarried woman deserted by her lover, (2) wife deserted by her husband or divorced from him, (3) wife temporarily deprived of the company of her husband.

Even if the English and the German terms be practically identical and arise from some such custom as that referred to, the idea that the grass or straw symbolizes what is no longer pure and fresh may be fanciful or secondary, and may have displaced an older notion, according to which it stood for a bed of grass or straw (cf. the use of the verb "grass," as reported by Mr. Carter* in the *Nation* for March 30, and the expression "to be in the straw" said of a pregnant woman).

Various other notions (through accidental verbal coincidence) may also have contributed to the use (cf. the German idiom "auf eines anderen Wiese grasen," literally "to graze one's cattle in another's field"—an offence provided for in the law of the ancient Scandinavians—but now generally used of encroaching upon another's connubial rights). The expression is a tempting one for would-be etymologists, so that one is not surprised to see that it has long been associated with "to turn to grass" (cf. Century Dictionary); but people who have not had the advantage of being brought up in Boston will, I hope, be pardoned if they do not readily accept manufactured Norman French in explanation of a widely spread Germanic expression.

"Widow bewitched"="grass-widow" I could trace only to English people settled in Utah and Idaho. As a half-reproachful designation of a widow whose manner betrays a desire to make a new match, I traced the term to Maine, Connecticut, and New York; but in each case the term was not used by those who reported it, but was remembered as having been used by parents or grandparents. One young lady living in Ann Arbor stated that her mother, a native of New York, is still in the habit of saying "You act like a widow bewitched" to a child whose manner betrays unusual exhilaration of spirits.

Cannot some one having access to a good folk-lore library, like that at Harvard, look the matter up? GEORGE HEMPL.

ANN ARBOR, April 7, 1893.

* Mr. Carter's definition, in implying the use of force, does not agree with the usual understanding of the word.

Notes.

ROBERTS BROS.' spring announcements include 'A. Bronson Alcott: His Life and Philosophy,' by F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris, with portraits; and a "Columbian Knowledge Series," edited by Prof. D. P. Todd of Amherst College, and to be issued in 16mo volumes, bound in cloth.

'Art Out of Doors,' by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, and 'Baedeker's Guide-Book to the United States' are in the press of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Henry Holt & Co. announce 'John Paget,' a story of New York and Newport life, by Miss S. B. Elliott; and Karpeles's Heine, an autobiography compiled from the poet's own writings, translated by Arthur Dexter.

Macmillan & Co. have in preparation a second series of William Winter's 'Shadows of the Stage,' papers on the elder Booth, Bernhardt, Ristori, Modjeska, and lesser lights.

Nearly two and a half years ago, in reviewing the final volumes of Lecky's 'History of England in the 18th Century,' we said, referring to the work as a whole: "His Irish chapters, which begin with Elizabeth and carry the story down to 1800, constitute by far the best consecutive history of Ireland during the two centuries from the Tudor conquest . . . till the Union to be found in our language"; and we strongly urged the author to publish these chapters in a separate book, prefixing to them a sketch of the earlier history of the island. In preparing a revised and popular edition of his History in twelve volumes (D. Appleton & Co.), Mr. Lecky has in fact divided it into two portions, England in seven and Ireland in five, but he has refrained from giving more than a mere glance at the pre-Elizabethan period, for which he finds four pages sufficient. The separation, however, was the main thing, and this is a great gain. The main work has undergone much retouching, but no material change. The volumes are handy, plainly yet not meanly printed, and presentably bound in olive green. Each series is indexed.

Mr. Symonds's 'Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti' has already passed into a second edition in consequence of the demand for it (Scribners). In an appendix, along with other matter, Mr. Symonds replies to some of his critics, especially in reference to the artist's attitude towards the other sex and to his treatment of the female figure. By so much the new edition is an improvement upon the first, and it is as handsome in every particular.

Substantially unaltered is the fourth edition of Prof. Sayce's 'Principles of Comparative Philology' (Scribners).

From the Longmans we have a fourth edition, slightly abridged in one volume, of the

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translation of 'The Memoirs of Baron Marbot,' the permanent value of which is well established. The concise index is one of names, of persons and places—we were going to say exclusively, but Marbot's charger Azolan is "admitted to that equal sky."

Miss Burney's 'Evelina' has been reissued in two volumes companionable with those of Jane Austen so daintily produced, under the editorship of Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, by J. M. Dent & Co. (New York: Macmillan). An etched portrait of the author and half-a-dozen vignette illustrations adorn this edition, which is elegantly bound in pale-green cloth.

'The Letters of Charles Dickens (1833-1870)' takes its place in the popular reprint by Macmillan of Dickens's Works, on which we have remarked from time to time. The editors have revised the letters afresh, and more need not be said.

Frederick Warne & Co. send us their "Albion" edition of Dryden's Poetical Works in one volume of clear but pretty fine print, with memoir, notes, and an index of first lines. Songs and lyrics from the plays are here collected, and Dryden's classical translations. Much pains has been bestowed upon the collation of the text and upon the critical apparatus.

Mr. Henry Norman's 'Real Japan' has reached a third edition (Scribners) in a more popular form and price.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. offer the second edition for 1893 of their 'Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe,' which a generation of travellers has put to the proof.

'A Visit to Java' (London: R. Bentley & Son), by W. B. Worsfold, is an entertaining, though slight and rather disconnected account of a singularly interesting country. A sketch of the history of the island is followed by a description of its government and inhabitants, its ancient literature and architecture, together with much useful information for intending travellers. There is an amusing chapter upon the somewhat curious social life of the Batavian Dutch, who are mostly natives of the island, and seem to have adapted themselves to its climatic conditions much more perfectly than the English have in India. This may be largely owing to the adoption of the native dress by the women and a still more primitive attire, except in the evening, by the men. A visit to a private coffee plantation leads naturally to an interesting account of the "culture system" which was maintained with great success for about forty years. Since 1871 it has been gradually abandoned, though the Government still produces about two-thirds of the coffee crop. Recently two new industries have been introduced, the cultivation of tea, which is still in its infancy, and cinchona bark. This has proved very successful, as in 1890 the area of cinchona plantations was 22,500 acres, and 6,000,000 pounds of bark were exported—an amount equivalent to half the world's supply for the year. The closing chapter narrates briefly the history of Singapore, founded by Sir Stamford Raffles on the retrocession of Java to the Dutch to compete with them for the commerce of the East Indies.

'Myamma' (London: W. H. Allen & Co.), by Surgeon-General C. T. Paske, is a somewhat rambling series of reminiscences of life and travel in Lower Burmah forty years ago. The most interesting chapters are those describing the march of an expedition through the jungle under the late Sir Arthur Phayre to attack a rebel stockade. Life at the stations of Rangoon, Prome, and Pegu is pictured with considerable vivacity, as is also an adventurous voyage up a river in a canoe. In giving an account of one of the annual fires which he witnessed at Rangoon, nearly destroying the native city, the author refers to the sanitary value of these fires in preventing the spread of epidemic diseases. Since the bamboo huts have been replaced by more substantial buildings, cholera has raged with great virulence—a disease almost unknown to the country before. The author evidently has a very kindly feeling for the Burmese of that day, whom he ranks in intelligence, honesty, and independence far above the Indian.

Dr. Fred. N. Scott's 'De Quincey's Essays on Style, Rhetoric, and Language' (Boston: Allyn & Bacon) is the third issue of a series which aims to contribute to the history of the *science* of Rhetoric. The present volume contains a selection of those of De Quincey's "essays which deal directly with the theory of literature," with the addition, in the form of an appendix, "of such passages from his other writings as will be of most assistance to the student." Of what use the reprint can be we fail to see. The essays are well known, and easily accessible to the advanced student of the history of criticism, for whom alone such reading would be profitable. The matter contained in Dr. Scott's preface, introduction, and notes is either easily obtainable from obvious sources, or is of a kind which would be much more appropriate in an essay, from the point of view of the student of comparative literature, on De Quincey's theories with regard to style, rhetoric, and language.

The plan of Mr. G. S. Newth's 'Chemical Lecture Experiments' (Longmans) is by no means new. There are at least two excellent German treatises on the same subject, and the work of Prof. S. P. Sadtler is well known in this country. Yet Mr. Newth's book is sure of a cordial reception from teachers and students of chemistry, and is in some respects the best which has yet appeared. It contains the details of over 600 experiments, very many of which are illustrated by good woodcuts, and almost all of which are well chosen. Any intelligent advanced student can make the greater number of these experiments for himself, as relatively few require expensive apparatus. To teachers the work will be especially useful. It may, indeed, to a certain extent, check the use of the inventive faculty, upon which most teachers now depend for the illustration of their lectures; but it will save a great amount of labor to the occupant of a laborious chemical chair in a college or high school, and will perhaps serve as a stimulus to the invention of new experiments even better adapted to illustrate special parts of the ever-expanding subject.

The late Édouard Goumy left an unfinished work entitled 'Les Latins,' which is now published by Hachette & Co. The preface, in which he champions the Latin classics, shows that the question as to their value in education is the same in France as in America, and it will be read with interest by those concerned in the problem. The book is a collection of familiar essays on Plautus, Terence, Cicero, Lucretius, Catullus, Cæsar, Sallust, Virgil, and Horace. Cicero is merely a manufacturer of perfect prose, *vox et prœterea nihil;* the dramatists are inferior "adapters"; Lucretius is insufferably dull, though a poet; Catullus and Horace, Goumy evidently thinks, are almost worthy to be Frenchmen. Cæsar he justly praises for his chaste style, while he regards Sallust as alone worthy to be compared with Thucydides. The author's views are novel and interesting; but he is too prejudiced and too much given to exaggeration to be a trustworthy guide.

The unending series, "Les Artistes Célèbres," published by the Librairie de *l'Art* in Paris (New York: Macmillan), has just been extended for the seventeenth century by A. Gazier's 'Philippe et Jean-Baptiste de Champaigne'—uncle and nephew, natives of Brussels. The elder Champaigne, thanks to the friendship of Poussin, was appointed painter to the Queen, Marie de Médicis, in 1627, and directed the decoration of the Luxembourg; afterwards painter to Louis XIII. and to Richelieu. In the Cardinal's service he took to portrait-painting, and thus secured an immortality which his more perishable work would have forfeited. The present Life gives copious examples of his admirable portraiture of great personages. Drawn by his morals and his religious convictions to the Port-Royalists, he has left most precious memorials of this company, Pascal being a notable exception. Uncle and nephew became associated together in the service of Louis XIV., as well as in relations with Port Royal, and the latter did not long survive the former. Some few examples of Jean Baptiste's portraits and sacred compositions are reproduced by M. Gazier, always from engravings, and always carelessly printed, but French "process" work seldom receives the pains bestowed upon cuts in general in this country.

A very important historical work has recently been completed by the appearance of the fourth volume of Frederik Barford's 'Danmarks Historie fra 1536-1670.' While addressing himself chiefly to popular readers, the author has made a distinct contribution to the treatment of this difficult period in Danish history. The undertaking, which extended over many years, was assisted by several grants both from the State and from private foundations.

The *American Meteorological Journal* completes its ninth volume with the April number; this being its first volume since its removal from Ann Arbor to Boston in consequence of the appointment of its former editor, Prof. M. W. Harrington, to be Chief of the Weather Bureau. The present editor, R. DeC. Ward, announces a promising future, based on an increase of subscriptions during the past year, correspondence with meteorologists in many parts of the world, and an assurance from a number of investigators of contributions for the next volume. Compared with former years, there is an encouraging increase in the number of contributions from members of the Weather Bureau. The small share taken by students in our Universities in supplying essays is regrettable. Indeed, with the exception of Harvard, which contributes a number of articles, the only ones from other universities in this country are by Prof. Todd, and by R. S. Tarr of Cornell.

A recent report of the Rhode Island Map Commission, giving an account of the completion of their duties, closes with several maps, among which is an interesting sheet of the State, on a scale of 1:250,000, with the forest areas colored green. With the exception of Aquidneck (Newport) Island, the neighborhood of Providence, and a two or three-mile strip along the seashore, decidedly the greater part of the State is tree-covered. The cleared spaces are only patchy interruptions in the green area. The occupied land lies for the greater part along the valleys, leaving the uplands wooded; and thus recalling the association of the German term, *Wald*, with what we should call upland, hill, or mountain.

California's liberality in regard to information on products, lands, and opportunities

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makes a good showing in the Annual Report of the State Board of Horticulture for 1892. The purpose is not simply advertisement, but to furnish carefully weighed facts and advice on culture, productiveness, values, etc., under the very diverse conditions obtaining in the different parts of the State. The report is a solid volume of 463 pages; it contains a general report on "California Horticulturally," and on the products and capabilities of each county, by Secretary B. M. Lelong, and also particular reports on the counties, by Quarantine Officer Alexander Craw and others detailed as special agents.

The prints of Hokusai, the great Japanese artist of the past hundred years, are well known, but his paintings have only now been brought together for exhibition with the prints, affording an opportunity for serious study. This has been done at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, under the direction of Prof. E. F. Fenollosa, head of the Japanese Department, who furnishes the introduction and notes to the official catalogue of the exhibition of Hokusai and his school.

—The April *Atlantic* is distinguished by several fresh papers, of which Mr. Paul Ford's selection from the Pelham-Copley correspondence will, perhaps, be most attractive to its usual body of readers. These letters are part of the American documents which in some way came into the possession of the British Government and have remained unknown in its archives; they were written by Copley's half-brother, and describe the scenes of the opening days of the Revolution in Boston from the Tory point of view. The main incidents are the town-meeting in respect to "tea," the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, and the siege of Boston. The lamentations of the writer over the misguided people and their strange enthusiasm in their folly render the spirit of the loyalists with refreshing sincerity and a blindness to future events so complete as to yield a humorous enjoyment; and, altogether, the series is a leaf of Boston history that will prove delightful to the picturesque historian. Another series of letters is contributed from the Hazlitt papers, not of much consequence in themselves, but vividly illustrative of Hazlitt's temper, and of conditions of literary advertisement and reputation in the England of Hunt, Lamb, and the great Reviewers. Mr. Henry Van Brunt writes of what the poets have failed to do in using architecture as a motive of verse or even as a decorative subsidiary; and by way of example he prints at the end a long poem of his own, describing a doorway, which is well written and is of curious interest as a piece of technical expression and of literary treatment of a theme. Mr. Andrews also contributes a noticeable discussion of the money situation from an international point of view.

—In *Harper's* the rare note of literature is struck in a posthumous poem of Lowell—"An April Birthday at Sea." The artistic life of this city gives occasion for a review of its history, by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, beginning with the "Düsseldorf" moment, and following the successive strains of new interest and the arrival of new personalities, through "the New Path" and the epoch of 1874 down to the variety of style and subject, the vitality of the art-organizations, the large product and the multitude of names that should be "mentioned," of the present year. The final pages of Mr. Lathrop, with their three-line notices and careful discrimination between the hundred or more noticeable artists, make a conspectus such as has not been seen in our æsthetic literature since Mr. Stedman's "Twilight of the Poets" article, in which he performed a similar office of nomenclator; but in Mr. Lathrop's instance it is a throng of the morning hour. The progress he definitely shows is what every observer has noted, but he masses the evidence and groups the details of facts with a most optimistic and pleasing effect, which must make every one look forward to more exhibition with heightened interest. The main material of the number is made up of ex-Senator Ingalls's account of Kansas, Mr. Ralph's of Brooklyn, Mr. Nelson's of Washington Society, and Mr. Bigelow's of certain aspects of Russian military life.

—*Scribner's* publishes a bundle of Carlyle's interminable correspondence, which is interesting in very many ways, but only illustrates further what was known before, and sheds no new light on his career or character. These letters were addressed to Edward Irving and David Hope, a merchant of Glasgow, and the best of them are from the early period of Carlyle's manhood. In the number at large the artistic element is strongly emphasized, as if for a special occasion. Mr. Robert Blum gives his own rendering of the fascination of the East, under the title "An Artist in Japan"; Mr. Frank French illustrates his own paper on "A New England Farm," which becomes in consequence mainly "marginal" in interest; "The Restoration House" is well described and beautifully illustrated, and a similar architectural subject is treated in "Anne of Brittany's Châteaux in the Valley of the Loire." Finally, Octave Uzanne writes of the exhibition of the arts relating to women, in Paris—a careful paper, full of instruction and suggestion, which should be of much service to those interested in women's work, as a means of comparison with the exhibition at Chicago. An archæological article upon the pueblos of New Mexico completes the list.

—The *Century* is distinguished by a very long, and conscientiously minute, account of the trial of the Anarchists in Chicago, and a justification of their condemnation on legal grounds, written by the judge who presided. The story, he thinks, is not sufficiently understood by the people at large, nor the fundamental reason why the Anarchists were found guilty sufficiently appreciated. He has no difficulty in showing that the leaders preached revolutionary violence, and had entered into an organization with such violence in view as the ultimate means of bringing about their ends. His citations are voluminous to this effect; but the weight of his argument, so far as the sentence was concerned, rests on the phases of the law of conspiracy which rendered these men technically and morally guilty for the act of the unidentified bomb-thrower by which the death of the policeman was caused. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that Judge Gary does not unfold more lucidly the cumulative and narrowing trend of the facts fixing special responsibility on the defendants, instead of dwelling on the general responsibility of "the whole body of conspirators" to such an extent as to imply that Judge Gary holds that all the Anarchists were equally responsible under the law, independently of any question of their degree of nearness to the particular crime charged. But he has performed a public service by setting forth the facts and the law, as these lie in his mind, and submitting to the judgment of that "common sense" which he invoked the question in issue. At the outset he states his own point of interest in declaring that the question is not whether the Anarchists deserved death, but whether they were convicted in accordance with law, and, secondly, that they were convicted not as Anarchists but as murderers. The paper might well occasion further examination of the present justice of the law of conspiracy as affecting responsibility for death in a riot, and also of the nature of treason in our form of the State; for it is evident that what distrust of the verdict, on the legal side, exists in intelligent minds, proceeds from something obscure, something possibly antiquated, in these conceptions.

—It is curious to find a scheme, originally suggested by an American author, first carried out practically in France. The idea, we believe, had already occurred to Mr. S. S. McClure, who may now be ready to realize it in his own magazine; but it was Mr. Howells who first drew up the plans for *Every Other Week*: "We've cut loose from the old traditional quarto literary newspaper size, and we've cut loose from the old two-column big-page magazine size," says Fulkerson in the 'Hazard of New Fortunes'; "we're going to have a duodecimo page, clear, black print that'll make your mouth water; and we're going to have a fresh illustration for the cover of each number, and we ain't a-going to give the public any rest at all." This describes exactly the new French magazine called *Le Bambou*, of which Dentu has published the first two numbers. Whether Dentu had read Mr. Howells, or whether it was the merest coincidence, strangely enough, he, like Fulkerson, has taken 'Tartarin sur les Alpes,' or the "Collection Guillaume" to which it belongs, as his model. *Le Bambou* has the size of one of the ordinary volumes of this series; on each cover of the two numbers issued there is a different illustration; the page is not divided into the regulation columns; and the printing and paper are alike admirable. It is true there has been in London an attempt to do very much the same thing in the *Idler*, but in the latter publication illustrations and printing have been, as a rule, so very bad that, from this point of view, it cannot be considered seriously. The letter-press in *Le Bambou* would seem meagre enough to readers accustomed to the *Century*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's*, though the price is rather more: it costs two francs and a half a number. Each contains but three articles: a paper on "Les Petits Théâtres et Grandes Baraques," a story, "Eyrimah," by Rosny, and a monthly chronicle of no very marked interest.

—It is to the illustrations that chief attention is paid. It is worth noting that these point already to a reaction against "process," which the "Collection Guillaume" first made popular. Many are fine drawings by Marold and Gambard, but by far the larger number are nothing more nor less than photographs. All, however, are engraved, and most exquisitely and delightfully engraved, by Florian and one or two other French engravers. Now that we have had more than our fill of books and periodicals illustrated with crude "process" blocks after commonplace photographs, it is a pleasure to see how great are the artistic possibilities of a photograph in the hands of an artist like Florian. Several in the theatrical article of the second number are a trifle vulgar, but the engraving itself is always most refined and accomplished. It will be interesting to see whether Dentu can maintain the high standard he has set up. In France there is more chance perhaps than elsewhere, since the competition among publishers of periodical literature is not so close and almost ruinous in that country as in America, and, even more,

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in England, where illustrated weeklies and monthlies are multiplying at a rate that promises a crash in the immediate future.

—The French are straining every nerve to make good the lack of athletics in their educational system, and, with the sports, are importing the appropriate vocabulary from England. Thus we read of the fourth "cross-country interscolaire," run on March 16 at Chaville, when the Janson-de-Sailly team won the "challenge" for the fourth successive time, by a number of points which the reports in the daily papers are careful to explain the manner of reckoning, for the benefit of the "non initiés." The close of the French football season at Easter moved M. Pierre de Coubertin to give an historical account in the *Journal des Débats* of "the conquering march of football through our country." He himself, ten years before, in the course of a tour in England "to study her civilization," had been struck with the "strangely powerful rôle" which football played in English education. The introduction of the game into France was attended by many difficulties. "To our *chauvins* it was an outrage, to teachers a disturbance, and to parents a source of anxiety." However, patriotic sensibilities were somewhat calmed by the suggestion that the foreign sport was, after all, only the French *soule* coming back from England to its native home; and, once a start was made, it was not long before many of the teachers were won over, not a few university professors even soon figuring among the converts, while here and there was found one filled with a truly apostolic zeal. As for the mothers, they still object to the blackened eyes and broken arms of their boys, but the fathers now fairly drive forth their sons to the mêlée. Already two championships are established, "le championnat inter-clubs" and "le championnat interscolaire." The season just closed has been one of "matchs exceptionnellement brillants." International contests are yet in the future. As M. de Coubertin says: "Les forces sont trop inégales pour nous autoriser à jouer ainsi l'honneur de la France. Mais cela viendra, et la France gagnera!"

—The world will be the loser if Prof. Anton Dohrn, the busy founder of the Zoölogical Station at Naples, never finds time for the personal memoirs hinted at in his report on the past and present of the station, in the Naples *Courier* of January 2, 1893. Nothing more charming in the line of narration, exposition, apology, and propitiation could be looked for from any pen. Prof. Dohrn's tact shines through it all as do his buoyant temperament, his indomitable perseverance, his foresight, and his energy. To the Minister Delbrück, who threw cold water on his appeal for a subvention from the Imperial Government, he effectively repeated the remark of an English scientist (it was in 1871) — "One consequence of the German victories will be the end of your scientific leadership. You will fall into militarism and science will lag." He dissuaded the Marine Minister from placing two naturalists on board the corvette *Garibaldi*, in its voyage round the world, and induced him rather to send to the station a promising naval officer to learn the arts of dredging and preserving. This example has been followed by other nations, and, wherever tried, has had the result of interesting all on board and of making a wholesome break in the monotony of life on distant stations. Prof. Dohrn hopes to see a floating laboratory (*laboratorio—stazione zoologica—galleggiante*) instituted in the shape of a steam cruiser. He is also convinced that the scientific world must unite in sustaining a common news summary. His experience with his own *Zoologischer Jahresbericht*, of which the burden is great, both in editing and in containing the ever-increasing bulk of matter, and his observation of the duplication going on even in the same country, lead him to insist on the evil of the present insufficiency and superabundance. With pride, but modestly, he enumerates thirty zoölogical stations all over the world of which his has been the parent since its foundation in 1874, while as he writes he sees flocking to his tables thirty-seven beneficiaries of the wise liberality of the German and Italian Governments, viz., 13 Germans, 8 Italians, 4 Spaniards, 3 Englishmen, 2 North Americans, 2 Russians, and single representatives from Norway, Belgium, Switzerland, Hungary, and Rumania.

—Signor Egisto Rossi's 'Del patronato degli emigranti in Italia e all' estero' (Rome: Società Geografica Italiana) is a report recently presented to the Italian Geographical Congress on the best means for protecting Italian emigrants against the unnecessary hardships, disillusionments, and dangers from deceit and fraud incident upon their arrival in a distant and foreign land. While Italian emigration has gone on increasing until it now surpasses that from all the other Latin countries combined, no active measures have yet been taken, as has been the case in England and in Germany, for providing intending emigrants with unprejudiced and adequate information as to the geography, climate, and social conditions of the country where they mean to settle, and as to the chances of their finding there a demand for the labor which they can furnish. Under the circumstances now prevailing, Italian emigrants, from their ignorance and poverty, are particularly liable to come to grief, either through their own simplicity or the greedy fraudulence of agents, ticket-brokers, and contractors. Against these dangers Italian immigrants have in this country no other protection than the recently founded Italian Home in New York, which has accomplished much, although on a scale small in comparison with that of the much older and larger organization which looks to the welfare of the corresponding class of Germans. The report narrates the history of the somewhat unsuccessful agitation of the subject in Italy, and states in detail the conditions under which emigration from England, Germany, and France takes place, as well as the conditions under which immigrants are received in the United States, Canada, Australia, and the South American States. Signor Rossi's scheme for the protection of emigration provides for a general association, a central office in Rome, and sub-offices in the principal cities of the kingdom, all based on the general plan of the English Emigrant's Information Office, and supported by Government aid and public and private contributions. These he hopes to see supplemented by local societies in the chief ports of entry.

VAN DYKE ON PAINTING.

Art for Art's Sake: Seven University Lectures on the Technical Beauties of Painting. By John C. Van Dyke, L.H.D., Professor of the History of Art in Rutgers College. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

Prof. Van Dyke has been a serious student of art and of criticism, and has shown a constant advance in breadth and justness of view. Every book that he has written has been an improvement on the last one, and his 'Art for Art's Sake' is both a praiseworthy and a daring effort. Critics who are not painters, as a rule, avoid all discussion of the "technical beauties of painting," and confine themselves to generalities about the "spirit of art" and the "ideal." When they do rashly touch upon matters of technic they are apt to blunder woefully and to expose themselves to the gleeful scorn of the painter. If more painters had the literary training, the life of the average art critic would be a burden to him. It is therefore no small achievement to have written, as Prof. Van Dyke has done, a series of lectures devoted to an exposition of the technical side of art in which, although there is matter for discussion as to proportion and incidence of stress, there are really no serious errors. There is an occasional vagueness and even confusion of thought and expression that betrays the lack of actual and practical knowledge of how the thing is done; but the degree of understanding of painting, as painters understand and love it, achieved by an outsider through the careful study of paintings, is both surprising and encouraging.

The lectures are seven in number and are entitled respectively "Art for Art's Sake," "Color," "Tone and Light and Shade," "Linear and Aerial Perspective," "Values," "Drawing and Composition," and "Textures, Surfaces, and Brush-work." The title of the initial lecture and of the volume is likely to provoke some antagonism, the phrase being a red rag to many, who think it conceals some dreadful immorality. Yet, if not for art's sake, for the sake of what else art should be pursued, it were difficult to say. The doctrine has, it is true, been used to cover a multitude of sins, yet it is the only true doctrine, and, as set forth by Prof. Van Dyke, is innocent enough. It is simply that the painter eternally deals with painting, and that subject and idea are indifferent to him except as they are pictorial subject and pictorial idea; that, consequently, the *motive* of a picture is often very different from the nominal subject of it, and that, if we are to have any real comprehension of painting, we must "take a lesson from the painter," and learn to enjoy his combinations of form and color in and for themselves and for the kind of pleasure that they alone can give, as we listen to music, and to consider any other ideas than purely pictorial ones as so much surplusage—tolerable and even enjoyable if they do not interfere with the pictorial ones, but never able to supply the place of the latter, or to make good art of anything that is not good in itself as form or color or light and shade. It does not follow from this, as it has sometimes been made to do, that well-painted still-life is as noble art as the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, but only that the frescoes of Michael Angelo are nobler than the pictures of Vollon, not primarily from their subjects, but because grandeur of style, severity of line, power and mastery of composition, are rarer *artistic* qualities than brilliant rendering of textures and clever handling, and reveal a higher type of mind in the artist. Prof. Van Dyke expressly excepts "historical painting" from the rule of the supremacy of purely artistic motive, but he would, perhaps, have done better to adopt the bolder and more logical course of maintaining that historical painting, as generally understood, is a *genre faux* and is rarely good art. In so far as it is, as he says, "designedly more illustrative than creative," it is bad art.

Having thus cleared the ground, Prof. Van Dyke comes to the consideration of his main subject, "the technical beauties of painting."

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Color is, undoubtedly, of all the qualities of painting, that which most readily and immediately appeals to the untrained sense, and it was therefore, perhaps, judicious to neglect the logical order, which would begin with drawing, and to appeal first to his hearers' color-sense in the effort to interest them in the technic of art. There are not wanting, however, some indications that the lecturer's own progress has not yet extended to a full enjoyment of the beauties of form, and we might venture to prophesy that in some future work he will modify his present emphasis upon other qualities, and come to give more importance to line and mass. The colorist, he says, is, like the poet, "born and not made," and the saying is a common one, but is untrue, at least in its implication. A colorist must be born with an eye as a musician with an ear, but he can no more achieve mastery than can the musician without a lifetime of study and application; while the draughtsman is as much "born" as the colorist; and drawing, in any fine sense, is as absolutely unteachable to him who has not the innate sense of beauty in form and line as is color to the color-blind.

"Good drawing," says the Professor, "is not infrequently met with among all schools, but how difficult of achievement is color-harmony may be indicated by simply reciting the names of the colorists during the last four or five centuries. From the years one might think the number might be large, but in reality among the thousands of painters who have lived and produced and died, we may count the great colorists on our fingers. They are Titian, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Rubens, Velasquez, Delacroix, and perhaps some few others who had the color sense—the inclination rather than the consummation—like Rembrandt and Chardin."

This is grossly unfair. For one term of his comparison he takes that "good drawing" which "is not infrequently met with," *i. e.*, tolerable drawing, and for the other he selects the few supreme colorists and excludes all others—excludes even Correggio and Corot. The process might be reversed, with equal justice, as follows: Passable and even enjoyable coloring is not infrequent in either ancient or modern art, but we may count the masters of the line not only upon our fingers, but on the fingers of one hand and have the thumb over. They are Michael Angelo, Raphael, Lionardo, and perhaps Ingres or Baudry, though these last show "the inclination rather than the consummation." Such a judgment were partial, but not more so than the other. It is our own belief that really great draughtsmen have always been rather rarer than really great colorists, and that to be either is to be one of the bakers' dozen of inapproachable geniuses in the history of painting.

That Prof. Van Dyke does not succeed in giving any clear account of how color-harmony is produced is what was to be expected. He devotes a good deal more space than they are worth to various theories of color, only to conclude that they do not and cannot account for good coloring. The trouble with all theories of "complementaries" and the like is that they can deal only with those simple and unmixed hues which the painter never uses, and to reason about abstract red or green is a very different thing from producing and modulating those broken and constantly varied tints which in a picture are called by those names. Perhaps at some future date color harmony may be reduced to something like the system of musical harmony, but even then the artist will remain the creator, and work by natural and trained instinct. A contrapuntist is not a harmonist, even in music, but the painter works more like the melodist, and his work approaches inspiration. The color sense is aided and sharpened by practice and acquired habit, but no one has yet succeeded in accounting for its methods of production. As Prof. Van Dyke says: "For our practical use in trying to judge of harmonious coloring in pictures, perhaps we should pay less heed to theories than to our senses and our taste." If, then, he does not accomplish the impossible, he has given a good many hints that should be valuable to the audience for whom his work is intended, and his exposition of the theory of Fromentin (accepted by Corot and Stevens and many others), that color depends upon justness of value, is good and clear, though the theory in itself is insufficient.

The third lecture is on Tone and Light-and-Shade, and Prof. Van Dyke wrestles manfully and not unsuccessfully with the various meanings of that loosely used word "tone." We think a synthesis is possible, and that the various things called tone can be shown to be parts of tone only. Tone we take to be that quality of a painting which makes all objects in it appear to be seen under the same light and enveloped in the same atmosphere, yet each maintaining its own local color in light and in shadow. Now this is not merely a question of values, as some suppose, nor merely a question of color, as others suppose. It is values plus color that produces tone. In a black-and-white drawing, if the values are correct, the tone is good; the rendering of the exact amount of light received and reflected is sufficient. But in painting, not only must the *amount* of light be given, but its quality of warm or cold, or its *color*, and the exact way in which the color of the light affects the local color of objects in light and shadow. Add to this the effect of distance, or "aerial perspective," and if all these things are justly felt and rendered, the result is tone. In other words, tone is not one thing, but the resultant of many things. Leaving form aside, tone is simply *the whole art of painting;* and it was this that led Fromentin and Corot to speak of value as the essence of color. Beautiful color, as such, may coexist with false values, but tone cannot, and color without tone may make a rug or a stained-glass window, but not a picture.

Our author's treatment of light and shade is, on the whole, very satisfactory, though he considers it rather too much from the naturalistic point of view and not enough from the artistic. He mentions, without accepting, several rules for the proportion of light to shade in a picture, but does not clearly show how absurd they are from the lack of any method of deciding what is abstractly light or shade among the thousand varying gradations of value. Strictly speaking, there is, in good art, but a point of highest light and a point of deepest shadow, and everything else is in a middle tint of greater or less depth, so that a proportion of light to dark is nonsensical. Light-and-shade as a part of form, and as (by its definition of planes as they retreat from the light) the final essence of drawing, he does not consider.

Linear perspective is slightly treated, and it would have been better, even in so popular and unscientific a discussion of it, to have distinguished between the point of sight, which is one, and the vanishing points, which may be infinite in number. Parallel perspective is the only kind of linear perspective that Prof. Van Dyke seems to know, or at least to think it worth while to speak of. His treatment of aerial perspective is very good, and we have only to suggest that the theory of turbid media would help in the understanding of the effect of distance upon colors. This, however, is science and not art. From the point of view of art, the *reason* of the phenomena is immaterial. He is not quite right as to the order of disappearance of objects and their shadows. In broad sunlight the shadow is often much more important than the object that casts it, and will remain visible after the object has disappeared unless *linear* perspective intervenes.

The lecture on Values is excellent, and we have little criticism to make upon it beyond that implied in what we have said of the treatment of tone. The lecture on Drawing and Composition, as might be supposed from what we have said of that on color, is, perhaps, the least satisfactory in the book. The author's apparent lack of feeling for form, together with his tendency to derive his principles of art from a consideration of the facts of nature, leads him to consider drawing too much as a mere necessity of representation, and he shows little sympathy for or comprehension of beauty of line for its own sake. That harmony of arrangement in line is at least as rare and as lovely a quality as harmony of color, and that the modulation of line may be as subtle and as exquisite as the modulation of tint, he does not seem to feel or to understand. What he says is right, as far as it goes, but he does not say enough. He is better in what he has to say of composition, but does not escape a certain aridity which seems to attach to all discourses on that subject. In conclusion there is a discussion of Textures, Surfaces, and Brush-Work, which is as good as any one not a professional painter could be likely to make it. Texture is a very ticklish subject for the lay critic, and it is not surprising that while such a critic recognizes it when he sees it, he should be very vague as to how it is produced. In fact, texture is not, properly speaking, a separate quality at all. The differences between silk, velvet, and woollen, which are recognizable in a picture, are differences in form, in color, and in light and shade, and there is no way to produce texture but by study of these differences. If texture does not exist in the work of a man who can draw and paint, it is merely because, for some reason, he has not thought it worth while to study the specific forms, colors, or chiaroscuro of the particular objects he has introduced in his picture. The reason may be a deliberate choice of other and greater truths, or it may be laziness, but texture is drawing and painting and nothing else. As to brush-work, it is so inevitable that the critic who is not an artist should be unable to tell true from false mastery—not knowing what is to be represented well enough to judge of the economy of means in the representation—that this quality of painting may be said more than any other to be appreciable by the artist only. The rest of the world must be content to take his judgment on the matter. Prof. Van Dyke has made no blunders on this subject, but he does not give much help to the student.

We have necessarily devoted much of our space to a statement of those points on which we differ from Prof. Van Dyke, but it must not be supposed that we think ill of the book. On the contrary, we consider it the best treatise on the technic of painting, for general readers, that is at present obtainable, and the book most likely to aid the layman to some comprehension of the painter's view of painting—the view which is necessarily the right one, and which yet is the view that the literary

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critics of art have constantly obscured rather than elucidated. Prof. Van Dyke's comprehension of this view we consider, as we have said, remarkable, and no painter of competent ability and literary training has ever tried systematically to cover the whole ground as he has done. The absolutely best writing on art has been done by painters, but it is fragmentary. Their golden words must be chosen and strung together on the thread of the reader's already acquired knowledge. It is doubtful if any painter will ever take the trouble to write a complete treatise on painting; "deeds not words" being the painter's motto. Hence we should be thankful for so good a book as this, which comes so near the truth. The illustrations, "half-tones" from well-known paintings, are twenty-four in number, well chosen and well executed, and add materially to the usefulness of the volume.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Children of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.

Jean de Kerdren. By the author of 'Colette.' Translated by Mrs. Waugh. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Catherine. By Frances M. Peard. Harper & Bros.

Keith Deramore. By the author of 'Miss Molly.' Longmans, Green & Co.

In the Bundle of Time. By Arlo Bates. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Katharine North. By Maria Louise Pool. Harper & Bros. 1893.

It is a delicious picture of Calabria and Sorrento and Capri that Mr. Crawford gives us in the new book with the charming name. "The Children of the King" are not a brotherhood of philanthropists, but the descendants of a king or count or knight who settled in Calabria or conquered a bit of it—no one knows—and bequeathed to his posterity, even to the present time, his yellow hair and blue eyes and the only surname they know, "dei Figli del Rè." Two hardy sons of the tribe are brought by Fate into the extremely modern world of an extremely modern young woman, her mamma, and her jack-dandy, fortune-hunting lover. Mr. Crawford can do most things, but to our thinking he has not made one of his most notable successes in engrafting his romance upon a latest-day civilization. Murder does not sit easily upon shallow pates, particularly such chivalrous, high-minded murder as is dealt by one of the Children of the King. His single-ideaed passion for his beautiful employer is real enough to have manifested itself in some more probable way than drowning a fortune-hunter and himself merely to rid his beloved of an unwelcome husband. Of course, there is nothing too marvellous to happen; but the burden if not of probability, then of a temporarily illusive improbability, rests with the artist. Mr. Crawford's young girl is a pungent compound of sugar and spice with much that is nice, tempered with snaps and snails; her mercenary suitor is well drawn; the indolent, selfish mamma is a clever portrait. Ruggiero of the Children of the King and his brother Bastianello are fine types of the popular lifted out of commonplace by a legacy of the heroic; each is good in his own way, and yet they do not quite harmonize into illusion. Nor more do the two distinct styles of the book—the swift give-and-take of the conversation, and the reflections delivered in short sentences beginning with "And" which inevitably, yet inadequately, recall the Book of Acts. Yet for its virtues and attractions we commend the story to the reading public, which is not likely to wait upon commendation before reading anything from Mr. Crawford's pen.

'Jean de Kerdren' belongs to the class of pretty novels, nor is there any adjective to add to that one. If we remember aright, there was a touch of humor in its predecessor, 'Colette.' There is absolutely none in 'Jean de Kerdren.' Everything is pretty—the hero's behavior, the heroine's behavior, the landscape, the figures, the morals. The plot is quite simple. A man marries a woman out of chivalry. After marriage they fall in love with one another. She dies of consumption, and he becomes a priest—perhaps as the surest way of keeping him a widower; but this is only conjecture.

In any other connection 'Catherine' would seem a particularly bland work of fiction, but after 'Jean de Kerdren' it is almost animated. Catherine is a pretty and naughty, but not fatally naughty, little maid. Her lot is cast in Devonshire in the days of the Peninsular War and later, and her lover is fighting Bonaparte at Waterloo while she is forgetting him at home. The bitter lesson she learns, and the undeserved but expected happiness which follows the lesson, may be read in the story. The period is a becoming one for costuming and accessories, and there are graceful glimpses into both country life and the gayeties of Plymouth, with a suitably contrasting roar from the cannon of Wellington and Bony. Miss Peard is always a skilled writer, with a high-bred vocabulary, and her humor, if somewhat faded, is delicate.

'Keith Deramore' is a novel of considerable interest. It would have even more if there were less of the book and if the writing were winnowed in spots; if the hero had taken rather fewer journeys, and gone to rather fewer dinners, and stood a little less persistently with his back to the fire on the hearth-rug, that throne whence the modern hero bullies his womankind. Keith Deramore is a Prince Charming among bullies; every woman in the book is in love with him, and, of course, makes herself his footstool. When at last he marries and goes to Egypt, one is sure that the Sphinx will make eyes at him, and one trembles for Mrs. Keith. His charm is felt, however, as well as described, and extends to men as well as to women. The various other characters stand out well defined and lighted by originality, and there are frequent gleams of humor, insight, and wisdom, which, added to the fluency of the narrative, make an interesting story. It is not to be supposed that the hero is held up as an example, else one might criticise the standard of honor which permitted him to make love to his friend's betrothed while he indignantly broke his engagement with the girl who told a lie. He belongs to the type, "fascinating dog," who has made more than one novel readable, but he is less commonplace than many of his brothers, and the book is above the average in which they flourish.

Mr. Arlo Bates, in 'The Bundle of Time,' ranges over a very wide field of topics, giving us ten tales and nine interludes (a species of astral body of a play). There is child-teaching and love-making, and match-breaking and witch-burying, and tiger-killing and man-eating. Both tales and interludes are richly touched with wit and observation, and some of them are ingenious in construction and in invention. Some are delightfully true to nature, and all are deftly written, not only with a style from which mannerism is happily absent, but in trained and expressive English. We must in candor add that some of them are so frothy that it is difficult to see how they got themselves even so far solidified as to become ink; that around a few hangs an unpleasant taint; while some so closely border on silliness, and others which are good are so near to being better, that one is tempted to rechristen the contents of 'Time's Bundle' under the name of 'Narrow Escapes.'

It is as unfortunate for a heroine in fiction as it is for an actual participant in the human comedy, when she is put in situations that make demands too serious for her capabilities. In either case disappointment is inevitably the portion of those who are concerned in the results of her conduct. This is eminently true in regard to the young lady on whom Miss Pool has bestowed the somewhat stately cognomen of Katharine North. Nor is it she alone who, in the volume that bears her name, gives rise to expectations that events do not justify. Young Owen Llandaff, whose eyebrows are so exceptional as to promise for their owner something different in quality from the "rest of the lawn-tennis young men," performs nothing more remarkable than to break his engagement (in a scene of exceeding flatness) to one young woman, soon after the eyes under the conspicuous brows have become infatuated by the attractions of another. The "great public speaker," Mrs. Llandaff, lapses into the most desultory of European wanderers under the impulse of a lively sentiment for the niece discovered in the guise of a working-girl at Nantasket, where she herself thrills an audience with the working-girl theme. After much forecasting of her destiny to suffer, the heroine, who owes her birth to Roxy and Colburn North at Feeding Hills, and her complex psychology to some more inexplicable derivation, arrives merely at the anti-climax of waiving her scruples, upon the insistence of the aforesaid Owen, as to marriage after a divorce. The marriage, however, in her chrysalis period at the "Hills," to the elderly Deacon Marcellus Grove, has been no more than a forced ceremony, at the termination of which she has run away—to arrive eventually at Nantasket and mental illumination. Further absence of fulfilment awaits the hopes of humor or pathos held out by the introductions to the various whimsically dwarfed natures that people the quiet corner of the world in which the scene begins. A convincing story always strikes one as having grown, not been made. The comparisons that Miss Pool's latest venture suggests to the imagination are unfortunately with the mechanical arts rather than with nature.

SOME WASHINGTON BOOKS.

Itinerary of General Washington, from June 15, 1775, to December 23, 1783. By William S. Baker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1892.

The Story of Mary Washington. By Marion Harland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

Barons of the Potomac and the Rappahannock. By Moncure Daniel Conway. New York: The Grolier Club. 1892.

While Mr. Baker's 'Itinerary of General Washington' was running through the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, we had occasion to study it carefully, and the high opinion then formed is confirmed upon its issue in a separate and much extended volume. It is exactly the work that the student requires, and it is so well done that a thorough examination has discovered

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very few errors. It is because it is so good that a few improvements may be suggested. Mr. Baker has consulted printed authorities, but he seems to have paid little attention to manuscript material. Had he gone through the drafts of Washington's letters, he could have made his record even more full than it is, and it could hardly be too full for historical purposes. He could then have distinguished between headquarters, the central point of an army's activity, and the actual situation of the General—a matter that becomes of great importance at times. Thus, take the entries for October, 1777, when the letters are dated from Whitemarsh, beginning with the 21st of that month. Mr. Baker gives Whitpain from October 21 to November 1. Whitemarsh agrees with the location of Whitpain—that is, on the Skippack Road, fifteen miles from Philadelphia; but in no instance did Washington date from Whitpain, where Pickering located the army but not the General. Some confusion might occur by this use of Whitpain. It might also be wished that Mr. Baker had inserted a map of the territory covered by the General's movements. Any criticism, however, applies not to what has been done so much as to what might be done. As it is, the work is an extremely useful guide to Revolutionary history.

Of a very different quality is Marion Harland's essay on the mother of Washington. Written for the purpose of encouraging the erection of a monument to Mary Washington, it might disarm criticism did it not rest upon a tradition long since exploded. The mother shines in the light of her son. It is known that her character was a strong one; it is known that in features Washington was a Ball and not a Washington; and it is known that the mother's influence was potent in developing the remarkable balance shown by the son in whatever situation he was placed. The very few letters of Mary Washington preserved—not more than three or four—are in themselves an index to her character better than the hundred posthumous recollections of persons who began to tell of her a generation after she had passed away. Such recollections, bad as they are, are cast into shadow by the tale of Mrs. Terhune. Her research, ostentatiously heralded in the preface, has been confined, in the main, to the stupid forgeries of Walter, which were exposed as soon as published. The imaginative touches added present a picture of a matron so remarkable that we cannot but wonder that the admiration of the nation has not been turned to the mother instead of the son. Such indiscriminate praise is mischievous, and the more freely it is admitted that Washington came of very humble origin, the higher the estimation due to him for his remarkable qualities and career.

Mary Washington, as drawn in this book, never lived in Virginia. The one or two extant letters relating to her married life throw little light upon her position or training. She is best known in the last years of her life, when her son had returned from the war and found it difficult to raise money enough to meet the demands made upon him. It is not necessary to be squeamish in this matter, for the facts are accessible and are unfavorable to neither parent nor child. As early as 1756 Mary Washington borrowed money of the young soldier; and while the entries are very few before 1772, when she repaid the greater part of the sums charged against her, the borrowing becomes frequent after 1772 and continued till 1789—the year of her death. The frequent and heavy calls made upon him produced a little irritation in Washington, which was not soothed by the conduct of the mother. In 1772 he had taken her plantation at a rental, and purchased a house for her in Fredericksburg that she might be near her daughter, Betty Lewis. He was surprised, after supporting her for nine years in that condition, to learn that the Assembly of Virginia proposed to pension her because of her distresses! This reflection upon his supposed want of duty drew out a letter from him to Benjamin Harrison, asking that no such measure be even considered:

"Confident I am that she has not a child that would not divide the last six-pence to relieve her from *real* distress. This she has been repeatedly assured of by me; and all of us, I am sure, would feel much hurt at having our mother a pensioner while we had the means to support her; but, in fact, she has an ample income of her own."

Here was the index of her situation, and for two years after reports came to Washington of his mother's complaints. She wrote to his brother, John Augustine, in 1783: "I never lived soe poore in my life. Was it not for Mr. French and your sister Lewis, I should be almost starved, but I am like an old almanack quite out of date." And "upon all occasions and in all companies" she complained of the hardness of the times and of her wants and difficulties—talk which reflected not a little upon her children. Her real wants, the General thought, were fully supplied; but imaginary wants were boundless, and he intimated to his brother to "represent to her in delicate terms the impropriety of her complaints and *acceptance* of favors, even when they are voluntarily offered, from any but relations." The representations were of little effect, for, in 1787, Washington again recurs to the unreasonable demands made upon him. "I am viewed as a delinquent, and considered perhaps by the world as an unjust and undutiful son." And when she proposed to come and live with him at Mount Vernon, he frankly told her that while his house was at her service, and he would press her to accept it, it "will never answer your purposes in any shape whatsoever." For his house was like a "well-resorted tavern," and she could not be retired in any of its rooms. She remained in Fredericksburg, and, her ailment increasing, she died in 1789. The inventory of her estate would be a text for many an essay. There is no evidence that Washington was guilty of an unfilial act; but there is evidence that Mrs. Washington was not the ideal character that writers of the "sympathetic" school would have us believe. The portrait used in the book is fictitious.

Of a similar nature is Mr. Conway's 'Barons of the Potomac and the Rappahannock.' Great beauty of typography (the Grolier Club is responsible for the volume), choice illustrations, and a picturesque style cannot atone for poverty of matter. The leading contributions are some letters from Lawrence Washington, but they are buried in so many pages of rambling discourse as to be almost inaccessible, especially as the book lacks an index. With patience the reader can find some interesting and new letters; but he will be discouraged by much futile heraldic exposition and by some curious conjectures. Not content with having made the General a poet, Mr. Conway now accuses the father of the same amiable weakness. The labor and time spent upon this work are to be regretted as pretty much wasted.

Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life. By George Jacob Holyoake. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Scribners. 2 vols. 1892.

THE great Liberal movement in England which filled the third and fourth decades of this century, and of which the chief fruits were Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, naturally gave birth to a number of agitators, chiefly of a very unaristocratic class, who went beyond the orthodox programme of the aristocratic Whigs. The names of these men, once famous and hateful to Conservative minds, are now little remembered even in their own country. Among them were Francis Place, the Radical tailor of Charing Cross, who it seems was the author of the renowned placard, "To stop the Duke, run for gold"; Carlile the publisher, the political opposite of Carlyle the philosopher; Thomas Cooper, who still lives in literature as the author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides'; Ernest Jones, Henry Vincent, Feargus O'Connor, and, not least, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake himself. The individuals of this group, of course, varied much in ability, purity of aim, and the sanity of their character and objects. Some of them were mere agitators, or even worse; others were real though humble precursors of more extended reforms to come. In the whole group there is not a more respectable figure than that of our autobiographer. He is notable especially for his freedom from bitterness, social or industrial, and for the good humor with which he speaks even of those at whose hands he suffered oppression. Peace with justice evidently is, and appears always to have been, his aim. In this respect he presents an agreeable contrast to many labor journalists and other industrial agitators of the present day, whose object it seems to be to instil venom into the heart of the artisan, to lead him to fix his hopes not on self-help or self-improvement, but on confiscation, and to bring about a war of classes.

Mr. Holyoake gives us a dismal picture of artisan life and of the relations between employer and employed as they were in England half a century ago, but he does not deny that there has been a great change for the better, and he lets us see that even in those days intelligence and probity in the artisan had their reward. He was himself, however, better known as a preacher of secularism than as an industrial reformer. It was in lecturing on secularism at Cheltenham, which was a highly religious city and under the dominion of Close, a great Evangelical leader, that he committed the offence against the blasphemy laws which entailed on him some months of imprisonment. He does not tell us exactly what he said in his lecture, but it is clear that his offence did not go beyond heresy, whereas the offences of others mentioned by him as sufferers under the blasphemy laws did go beyond heresy, and amounted to positive outrage on the feelings of a religious community. It was so in the case of Pooley, the Cornish heretic, who was sentenced by the late Judge Coleridge, and about whom there was a fierce controversy between Buckle and the late Lord Chief Justice. Good sense and toleration had advanced so far that blasphemy was treated by the more enlightened judges at least as an offence not against the majesty of God, but against the King's peace, it being assumed that an attack upon the religious sentiments of the community would lead to a riot. Mr. Justice Erskine, in sentencing Mr. Holyoake, was careful to state that "the arm of the law was not stretched out to protect the character of the Almighty," and "the law did not assume to be a protector of God." The real fact was that the arm of the law was stretched out to protect the clergy and the privileges of a State church. About the last of religious prosecutions has now been heard, even in the Old World,

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Mr. Holyoake came across a number of men of the highest eminence, English, French, and Italian, but he has naturally less to tell us about them than about those of his own circle. He, however, gives us some curious details concerning Italian and French conspirators and spies. It is rather strange to find in the autobiography of a social and philosophical reformer a prize-fight which the writer reported for a paper, narrated not only with full detail, but with evident gusto. This regenerator of the species had evidently not doffed the John Bull. There is also a rather equivocal passage in which Mr. Holyoake, with no less delight, recounts the part he played in the construction and testing of dynamite bombs, such as afterwards were used by Orsini. He seems, nevertheless, to have been persuaded that these were to be used in legitimate warfare and in the cause of Italian independence. At all events, he told his friends that "he had not made up his mind that murder was a mode of progress." The tyrannicides probably replied that when murder proved a mode of progress, it was not called murder.

A Japanese Bride. By Naomi Tamura. Harper & Bros.

THIS booklet of ninety-two pages, in Harpers' Black and White Series, has a value wholly out of proportion to its modest dimensions. It is probably the first revelation of the social life of Japan made by a native, frankly and without hesitation or fear. Indeed, even though it is written in English, one acquainted with the state of things in Japan wonders at the author's boldness. He does not spare criticism of the Government, which ordains and maintains the social laws. It is notorious that the Mikado, who still officially and ostentatiously claims descent from the heavenly gods, and is the legal and executive representative of deity, is a polygamist. He has, besides his legal wife, the Empress, in theory a dozen concubines, practically as many as he chooses. While Japan is outwardly adopting selected features of Western civilization, the practice of the Court is that of the average Asiatic or African despot. One of the curious anomalies of the time is, that while the question of the abolition of licensed prostitution has been won in general by the reformers, to be dealt with through local option, and by actual vote gained in five or six prefectures, the ultimate sanction must be given by a ruler who clings to the old traditions and practice. Fortunately, however, a law has been passed which, among the nobles, prevents any but the offspring of the true wife from inheriting a title. Whether this law will be cordially accepted and carried out in practice is one of the vital questions in Japan.

The author of this remarkable book is Mr. Naomi Tamura, who has a pure Japanese name, despite the nominal coincidence with one of the characters in the Book of Ruth. He is a member of a prominent family in Japan and came to America some years ago to be educated, spending at least four years, chiefly in the schools of theology at Princeton and Auburn. Evidently he has been stirred up by some of the glowing descriptions of Japan, in which the Oriental Islands appear as a paradise in which no serpent has trailed its slime. He is a genuine realist, and gives the facts as they are, without regard to mere sentiment. In his preface he pictures the age of danger and the age of confusion in the Japan of our day. Old men, he says, are content to marry in accordance with the old customs; but young men wish to marry in the foreign way, yet without any moral restraint. In a word, just as our young men go to Japan and wish to enjoy all that feasts the eyes without regard to moral sanctions, Occidental or Oriental, so in Japan the danger comes from the men of the new generation borrowing our social freedom without our restraints. Having both the native and the foreign vision, Mr. Tamura pictures the age of transition without admiration, yet without cynicism. In his treatment of the theme he shows that, despite the iron law of Confucianism, the poetry and sentiment based on the mythology of Shintō and the preaching and dogma of Buddhism, human nature in Japan is pretty much the same as everywhere under the sun. Without ridicule or bitterness, but faithfully acknowledging the facts, he declares that nine out of ten ladies in Japan obey their husbands, not joyfully, but unwillingly; that "the Japanese wedding solemnity does not indicate the purity of our hearts or the sacredness of the marriage institution." In his treatment of the subject, he discusses "why we marry," showing that it is not for the love of the individual, but for the maintenance of the family, and is largely an impersonal matter, in which the individual withers and the institution lives on. He describes the Japanese courting, showing what a formal and refrigerated thing it is compared with what the Irish call "sparking." The go-between and his or her work are described, the preparation for the wedding outlined, and the marriage ceremony pictured, not as it is caricatured or hopelessly jumbled in American church fairs or young ladies' money-raising tea-parties, but as it is in fact, with its artistic symbols and its social ceremonies. He tells of the honeymoon, which in reality does not exist in Japan; but he discusses the subject in order to show the difference between Western and Eastern customs, which, indeed, he does in detail throughout the book. The life of the bride and bridegroom at home is also described, and there are four or five passable illustrations to assist the imagination of the Western reader. The last chapter treats of the mother and grandmother, and shows beautifully that filial loyalty which is the strong base of Japanese civilization. The wife and mother in the far Oriental household looks forward to the time of her retirement from the active duties of her position as to the happiest period of her life, when she will receive the reverence and tender treatment of her sons and daughters.

Throughout the work the author shows that thorough acquaintance with the details of Japanese life which one would naturally expect, and he gives in condensed form the rules or commandments for the bride, wife, and daughter-in-law, specifies the grounds of divorce, and, with a very sparing use of native words, makes the subjects remarkably clear. Had Mr. Tamura quoted the official statistics, the divorces and marriages—one divorce to every three marriages—his statement would have received powerful reinforcement. In addition to the abundant information furnished and the light cast upon Japanese social life, there is evidence on every page that when in America Mr. Tamura must have made, by close observation and long experience, a careful study of our own social conditions. Furthermore, there is upon many pages a pleasing lambency of wit. Our Japanese, apparently, enjoys a joke, and does not object to telling one at his own expense or that of his country, while not sparing the hurried American. It may be that the author goes too far in his unconcealed admiration of social life in Christendom; and it is more than probable that while in America he saw in the homes he visited a condition of things above the average. But, apart from all criticism, this little book is a noteworthy addition to the knowledge we possess of the interior of homes in Japan. What Prof. Morse's book is for the outside, this monograph of Mr. Tamura's is for the inside, of 'Japanese Homes.'

The Private Life of the Great Composers. By J. F. Rowbotham. Thomas Whittaker. Pp. 340.

THE reader of this book, if he knows anything about its author, will be tempted to follow the example of many young ladies when they take up a novel—read the last chapter first. Five years ago Mr. Rowbotham wrote a remarkable magazine article entitled "The Wagner Bubble Burst." Now, if Wagner is merely a bubble, and burst at that, how does he happen to get into a list of fifteen "great composers" whose private life is to be commented on? Has Saul turned Paul? A glance at Mr. Rowbotham's pages acquits him of this suspicion; although he places Wagner among the "great composers," he still thinks very little of him. He has a perfect right to his opinion, but why does he make statements so utterly at variance with facts as this, for example, in speaking of the building of the Bayreuth Theatre—that Wagner pesters the architect "with all sorts of suggestions, which are courteously put aside by that functionary as totally impractical and undesirable"? He not only tells us that Wagner's poetry is "very poor stuff," but intimates rather strongly that Mr. Corder's translation is perhaps an improvement on it! One who has written a history of music should not make such an elementary mistake as to state (329) that "change of time" affects "tone-color." Mr. Rowbotham tries to give an account of the Tetralogy, but, "for the sake of brevity," omits mention of "Siegfried," which is very much like writing about Homer and omitting mention of the 'Iliad' for lack of space. But the funniest thing is a reference (327) to "the period of his [Wagner's] life which will commend itself most strongly to the sympathies of the world at large." What period? Why, the period when he was arranging popular operatic airs for the cornet-à-piston!

It would not be fair, however, to judge Mr. Rowbotham's book entirely by his puerile remarks on Wagner. The other composers included in his list—Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Bach, Handel, Gluck, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schubert, Liszt, Rossini, Schumann, Donizetti, Meyerbeer—are much more sensibly dealt with. In the chapter on Liszt our author makes the startling assertion that "in the Symphonic Poem he has achieved the legitimate development of the symphony, and, we may add, the only form in which the symphony, if it is to last, can endure." This is quite true, but it is the rankest heresy to say so, for the Symphonic Poem is simply Wagnerism applied to the symphony. Evidently Mr. Rowbotham's critical equilibrium is somewhat unstable. His essays, on the whole, are readable, although they are simple compilations. They appear to have been written for some juvenile magazine. A useful feature is a concise list of important compositions appended to each chapter. There is no occasion, however, for a long disquisition on Beethoven's nine symphonies in a chapter purporting to be on his "private life."

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The Land of Home Rule. An Essay on the History and Constitution of the Isle of Man. By Spencer Walpole. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE Isle of Man is a museum of constitutional antiquities. Usages which we associate with the political history of England in the seventeenth, the fifteenth, and even the thirteenth century are there to be found side by side with the most modern experiments. As in the great neighboring island in the early years of William III., there is still no Cabinet, and the Governor has a real power of veto; as there under Elizabeth, political parties still have no existence; as was largely the case in England in the later middle ages, the revenue is derived from permanent customs duties, and the Legislature "cannot stop the machinery of government by withholding supplies." The House of Keys has not yet, what the House of Commons acquired under Henry IV., the exclusive right of originating money bills; and it may cast some light on the still uncertain question whether the two English houses were ever united to learn that "when the Tynwald," the Manx Legislature, "meets for financial purposes, the two branches sit together." We may go even behind the period when Parliament was forming itself to the period when royal courts of justice were first making their appearance; for, in Man, the Governor still dispenses justice in person, and presides, like Henry the Second, over the courts of law. And, finally, the open-air meeting of the Tynwald on St. John's Day for the promulgation of the statutes passed during the year has an aspect so archaic that even courts of law seem modern in comparison.

The annals of the island, in like manner, read like an epitome of British history, though with the sequence of movements strangely distorted. The struggle between the saintly Bishop Wilson and the governors in the early years of the eighteenth century over ecclesiastical discipline involved the same principles and even touched some of the precise questions that had been at issue in the contest between Becket and Henry II.; and the words of Gov. Horne maintaining that "the Right Honourable the Lord of this Isle"—the Earl of Derby—was "Chief of the Holy Church of this Island," sound like an echo of Henry VIII.'s great Act of Supremacy. The Manx "Act of Settlement" in 1703, "converting a whole nation of leaseholders into perpetual tenants at a low quit-rent," presents an obvious parallel to recent Irish legislation. The refusal of the English Government in 1838 to allow the establishment of an elected Chamber, and its subsequent change of attitude, may almost be regarded as a mere reflection of the course of contemporary British colonial policy. To the statesmen of Downing Street the case of Canada and the case of Man presented features of similarity.

A country like this had an obvious claim upon a Governor who was also an historian of repute, and the present volume shows that Mr. Spencer Walpole has not been deaf to its appeal. It could be wished that he had not yielded to the temptation to give his book an attractive title. It is, of course, a striking thing that here, almost in the geographical centre of the British Isles, an island not so large as an average English county should have retained its own Legislature, while Scotland and Ireland, incomparably more powerful, should have lost theirs. It is interesting to know that the tendency during the last fifty years has been towards greater autonomy; that when the House of Keys was reformed in 1869, Tynwald was intrusted with larger financial powers, and that "there is an increasing indisposition on the part of the Tynwald to allow the English Parliament to legislate" for them. The feeling of nationality, even when it asserts itself in a very small field, is the same feeling at bottom as that which we admire in the case of Germany or Italy, and always needs to be taken into account. But there are two considerations which prevent even those who sympathize with the demand for Irish home rule, like the present writer, from drawing any lessons from the constitution of Man. The first is the character of that constitution itself. The House of Keys, though it has been allowed a voice in the disposition of a certain part of the public revenue, is very far indeed from controlling the purse-strings; the upper house, or Council, possesses coördinate authority with it, and seven out of the eight members of the Council are nominated by the Crown; while the Governor, a nominee of the English Ministry, possesses a right of veto which he would not hesitate to use. And, in the second place, the population numbers only some 54,000. In spite, therefore, of its separate history and curious constitution, its political interests cannot help being on very much the same scale as those which find expression in an English municipal or county council. It may be added that Mr. Spencer Walpole fails altogether in the attempt to present anything like a consistent theory of the constitutional relations of Man and England. Its constitutional history during the last two or three centuries is, in truth, made up of sheer forgetfulness on the part of the English Parliament, varied by acts of power for which a theoretic justification is hard to find; of insular independence and of insular adroitness in so quickly following in the train of English legislation as to prevent friction.

Mr. Walpole's book is a creditable piece of work, the result of a good deal of reading and careful thought. It belongs to the class of popular local histories, and it is a dignified and useful specimen of its class. Mr. Walpole does not succeed in rendering the centuries of Norse, of Scotch, and of Stanley rule interesting; to do that would require more knowledge of events than is as yet accessible, an eye for character and episode, and a moving style. He has, at any rate, tried to disentangle the threads already in our hands, and to present a tolerably continuous and intelligible story. What we are perhaps more justified in regretting is that Mr. Walpole has not perceived the peculiar interest of the social and economic history of his territory. Here was a Celtic population, subjected alternately to Norse, to Scotch, and to English influences. How did its social life shape itself? We are told of "manors"; were they like the English or like the Welsh? When did the term first appear? What were the classes of tenants, the extent of their holdings, and their relative numbers? All these are questions the answers to which would have more than an insular bearing. They would help us to solve the larger difficulties presented by the social development of the surrounding countries. Manx history, it is evident already, would present us with many suggestive parallels. Thus, the conversion by Lord Derby, in 1645, of his customary tenants into leaseholders was exactly what Queen Elizabeth did with some of her Welsh tenants in 1562, and what Fitzherbert recommended to English landlords generally in 1539. The main difference was that the tenants in Man, aided by the influence of Bishop Wilson, were able afterwards to reverse the process, and obtain security of tenure at a quit-rent.

Still, we will be content with what we have if only in the second edition—which is sure to come, if a reasonable proportion of the hundreds of thousands of Lancashire tourists do their duty—Mr. Walpole will provide an index. When will authors, especially authors who do not belong to the professional writer or scholar class, feel the exceeding sinfulness of this little sin of omission?

How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. William Starr Dana. Illustrated by Marion Satterlee. Charles Scribner's Sons.

EVERY flower-lover who has spent weary and sometimes fruitless hours puzzling over a botanical key in the effort to name unknown plants, will welcome this modest but satisfactory book, which stands ready to lead him to the desired knowledge by a royal road. The excellent pictures alone, of which there are 104, nearly all original drawings from nature, are generally sufficient to identify the flowers they represent, and the butterfly weed, the touch-me-not, some orchids, and some of the compositæ and umbelliferæ, any of which it might baffle the inexpert to analyze, are thus recognized at a glance. The arrangement is by colors (a plan suggested by a chance paragraph of John Burroughs's); and the happy device of printing in capitals at the upper corner of each page the color of the flowers described below makes it possible to let the leaves fly like a windmill while you search for a particular flower, without risk of passing the place. A secondary principle of arrangement is by seasons. In each section the flowers are described as nearly as possible in the order of their blossoming.

The descriptions are not too coldly scientific to be interesting. A thousand little peculiarities of habit are mentioned, besides medicinal or magical virtues real or supposed. Occasional bits of poetry and curious information about various plants are sprinkled over the pages. It has not escaped notice, for instance, that the violet sometimes carries her proverbial modesty so far as to attend to the fertilization of her flowers in the bud, and actually under ground at that, finally pushing up a pod of seeds where we expected a flower. Altogether the book is well fitted to the need of many who have no botanical knowledge and yet are interested in wild flowers; and it will both help them to name the plants which naturally attract their attention, and point out the rarer ones which may be searched for with hopes of success at any given time and place. The region whose flowers are described is not very exactly defined, but seems to include the Northern and Middle States as far west as Chicago.

The German Allied Troops in the North American War of Independence. Translated by J. G. Rosengarten from Max von Elling's 'Die Deutschen Hilfstruppen in Nordamerikanischen Freiheitskrieg.' [Munsell's Historical Series, No. 12.] Albany. 1892.

ELLING'S work, originally published in 1863, is a standard one, and most of its material has been used by later writers, but this paraphrase, though not so valuable as it would have been before the appearance of Mr. Lowell's book on the Hessian troops, forms a useful pendant to Stone's 'Letters of Brunswick and Hessian Officers' in the same series. It will afford some who would not consult the original a chance for nearer acquaintance with those once dreaded Hessians, whose evil repute still shadowed the school-books of our boyhood. Thus approached, they turn out a commonplace Ger-

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man soldiery, whose adventures are not very striking, and whose lives would seem to have been no bad risk for the underwriters of their day. They fought, and fought well, in a good many battles, and if not many were killed, a goodly number were captured, particularly at Saratoga. The history of these troops and their detention at Cambridge is famous through the memoirs of the Riedesels. It is to be regretted that the troops were ill-housed and ill-treated; that the officers could find no fit society among generals and colonels who came from the shop and the hayfield and had never "followed the wars abroad"; but much must be pardoned the colonial militiamen, who, not being versed in European codes of military honor, looked upon the strangers as hirelings and intruders in a family quarrel. After all, many of the Germans remained here as settlers at the close of the war.

The translation is accurate, but the book, of course, has suffered greatly in the process of condensation. The original, like most German histories, had little to lose in style, but that little is here lost. The roster of German officers has been considerably enlarged, and the addition of indexes of places and of names is much to be commended.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, W. I. L. Amateur Photography. Baker & Taylor Co. 50 cents.
Appleton, Prof. W. H. Greek Poets in English Verse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. 2d ed. for 1893. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Assollant, Alfred. Une Aventure du Célèbre Pierrot. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.
Atkinson, Edward. The Science of Nutrition. Boston: Damrell & Upham. 75 cents.
Balfour, Henry. The Evolution of Decorative Art. Macmillan. $1.25.
Barker, E. H. Wanderings by Southern Waters: Eastern Aquitaine. Appletons.
Benton, Joel. Greeley on Lincoln. With Mr. Greeley's Letters to C. A. Dana and a Lady Friend. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25.
Billings, Dr. J. S. Ventilation and Heating. The *Engineering Record*.
Blackburn, Henry. Artistic Travel in Normandy, Brittany, the Pyrenees, Spain and Algeria. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; New York: Scribners. $3.75.
Black, W. Shandon Bells. New and revised ed. Harpers.
Bourget, Paul. Un Scrupule. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre; New York: Amblard & Meyer Frères.
Brewer, R. F. Orthometry: A Treatise on the Art of Versification. With a new and complete Rhyming Dictionary. Putnams. $2.
Bridge, Horatio. Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Harpers.
Bright, Prof. J. W. The Gospel of St. Luke in Anglo-Saxon. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.90.
Burney, Frances. Evelina; or, The History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. 2 vols. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Candlish, Prof. J. S. The Biblical Doctrine of Sin. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; New York: Scribners. 60 cents.
Cauvain, Henri. A Village Priest. F. Warne & Co. 35 cents.
Chamberlain, Prof. B. H., and Mason, W. B. A Handbook for Travellers in Japan. 3d ed. London: Murray: New York: Scribners. $5.
Cowles, M. L. Redbank: Life on a Southern Plantation. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Crawford, F. M. To Leeward. Macmillan. $1.
Crockett, S. R. The Stickit Minister, and Some Common Men. Macmillan. $1.75.
Doumic, René. De Scribe à Ibsen: Causeries sur le Théâtre Contemporain. Paris: Paul Delaplane.
Dufayard, Prof. Ch. Le Connétable de Lesdiguières. Paris: Hachette.
Ebner-Eschenbach, Marie von. The Child of the Parish. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.
Farjeon, B. L. The Last Tenant. Cassell. $1.
Fenn, G. M. Witness to the Deed. Cassell. $1.
Ganot's Physics. 14th ed., revised and enlarged. William Wood & Co.
Gazier, A. Philippe et Jean-Baptiste de Champaigne. [Les Artistes Célèbres.] Paris: *L'Art*; New York: Macmillan.
Gerson, F. N. Some Verses. Philadelphia: Edward Stern & Co.
Gervais, Paul. Un Cas de Conscience. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.
Gissing, George. The Odd Women. Macmillan. $1.
Glazebrook, R. T. Laws and Properties of Matter. [Modern Science Series.] Appletons.
Gordon, Sir Arthur. The Earl of Aberdeen. [The Queen's Prime Ministers.] Harpers.
Harrison, Frederic. Annals of an Old Manor-House, Sutton Place, Guilford. Illustrated. Macmillan.
Hobbes, J. O. A Study in Temptations. Cassell. 50 cents.
Jarchow, H. N. Forest Planting. Illustrated. Orange Judd Co. $1.50.
Knowlton, J. A. Txleama: A Tale of Ancient Mexico. Boston: J. G. Cupples Co. $1.25.
Lecky, W. E. H. A History of England in the Eighteenth Century. 7 vols. New ed. Appletons.
Lecky, W. E. H. A History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century. 5 vols. New ed. Appletons.
Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. XXXIV. Llwyd—Maccartney. Macmillan. $3.75.
León, N. P. de. The Columbus Gallery. N. Ponce de León.
Littell's Living Age. Jan.—March, 1893. Boston: Littell & Co.
Lods, Adolphe. L'Evangile et l'Apocalypse de Pierre. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Low, D. A., and Bevis, A. W. A Manual of Machine Drawing and Designing. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.
Memoirs of Baron de Marbot. 4th ed., slightly abridged. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.
Mivart, St. George. American Types of Animal Life. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.
Morse, J. T., Jr. Abraham Lincoln. [American Statesmen.] 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Müller, W. Max. Asien und Europa nach Altägyptischen Denkmälern. Leipzig: Wilhelm Engelmann.
Pitman, Isaac. Complete Phonographic Instructor. Isaac Pitman & Sons. $1.50.
Reid, T. W. Gladys Fane: A Story of Two Lives. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Rhoades, James. The Æneid of Virgil Translated into English Verse. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.
Rogers, Mrs. C. K. The Philosophy of Singing. Harpers.
Rutherford, Mark. The Revolution in Tanner's Lane. Cassell. $1.
Sanderson, Edgar. Epitome of the World's History. Part II., Modern. Boston: Boston School Supply Co.
Sargent, J. O. Horatian Echoes: Translation of the Odes of Horace. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Scott, Prof. F. N. De Quincey's Essays on Style, Rhetoric and Language. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. 60 cents.
Shoemaker, M. M. Eastward to the Land of the Morning. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.
Thanet, Octave. Stories of a Western Town. Scribners. $1.25.
The Letters of Charles Dickens. 1833—1870. Macmillan. $1.
Tucker, B. R. Instead of a Book: A Fragmentary Exposition of Philosophical Anarchism. The Author.
Vannah, Kate. From Heart to Heart. Boston: J. G. Cupples Co. $1.25.
Watson, W. Excursions in Criticism. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Wharton, Annie H. Through Colonial Doorways. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Winter, William. George William Curtis: A Eulogy. Macmillan. 75 cents.
Wolff, H. W. People's Banks: A Record of Social and Economic Success. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.
Wood, Rev. C. J. Survivals in Christianity. Macmillan. $1.50.

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